The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R.

Cleveland's official majority over Blaine is 69,097.

Texas gave Cleveland 138,000 majority.

Arthur in his message and Secretary M'Culloch in his annual report take the Democratic standpoint in regard to the tariff.

A Curwensville merchant has declared he will sell no more goods to Democrats. The Democrats can stand it as long as the merchant can.

Some Republican organs want to run Blaine again in 1888. The old woman said, "Well, bring me the eels and set him again," when informed that her old man was drowned in the river and full of eels.

The Clearfield *Citizen* says the quantity of timber cut this year, in Clearfield county, will not reach more than half the usual output. Prices have been so low that it does not pay to run lumber to the eastern markets. It is thought that the coming winter will be a mild one, in which case very little lumber will reach the market.

It seems to be beef over brains. Bull beef and Beef Cleveland. If the nation can stand it we can.—Lewistown *Gazette*.

The above is sensible and argumentative, and the best that the *Gazette* brains can do. Of course the *Gazette* can stand Cleveland; it stood the Star-route, Mulligan letters and all the Republican deviltry of 20 years without a contortion.

Senator Mitchell, of this state, introduced a bill in the senate to pension General Grant. It provides for an annual appropriation of $5,000 to be paid to him out of the funds of the treasury not otherwise appropriated.

This is wrong. Gen. Grant received more presents than any living man. Besides he received more fat plumbs—as extras—than any man in the United States from 1776 to 1884. There is no warrant for this in the Constitution. It is setting a bad example and soon there will be a horde of special pensioners. Grant had great chances and if he fooled them away, like any other American citizen, he must put up with his lot.

The Galveston *News* makes the point that over half of Cleveland's vote in the electoral college comes from states not members of the late Confederacy. Of his 219 votes, 112 came from states that stood by the Union during the war and 107 from the seceding states. Blaine's 183 votes came altogether from one section of the country and represents sectionalism as opposed to broad nationalism. In charging that Cleveland is the President of the once "rebellious" South, the Republicans impute to 107 votes a control over 112. Maryland, Delaware, Kentucky and Missouri, as states, were just as loyal to the Union as Vermont, and furnished more Union soldiers in proportion to population.

Great destitution exists among Hocking valley miners. A few days ago the miner's central relief committee distributed over $2,000 in cash and about $1,200 worth of merchandise. In addition large quantities of goods have been received at Nelsonville, Buchtel, Carbon Hill and other places, and ordered to be distributed. About $1,000 remains in the treasury at Jacksonville. Reports from the quarters which are furnishing relief are encouraging. A great deal of suffering prevails and sudden cold weather would increase this greatly.

No material change is reported as to the strike except that the syndicate and coal exchange say they are increasing their force daily from outside labor and that the output will soon reach the maximum.

Mr. Morrison has introduced a bill to reduce the surplus in the treasurer. According to the reports of the treasury the surplus in the treasury at this time amounts to something over $200,000,000. Mr. Morrison's bill proposes to appropriate all over half that sum to the redemption of United States bonds, with the proviso that when any such bonds are redeemable at the pleasure of the government, it shall not be lawful to purchase bonds at a premium.

The New Orleans exposition will be a big affair, next to our own centennial. Exhibitors from all nations will be there and we have no doubt the formost exhibit in ready made clothing will be that of the Philad. Branch. We have seen their present stock, and if taken to New Orleans will be the big elephant of the exhibition which all would want to see. The rush for clothing, however, is so large at Lewins & Co's that the stock may all be sold before the exhibition opens. The rush is caused by great bargains in suits, as it is known all over the world that the Philad. Branch sells ready-made clothing cheaper than any other store in this country. Follow the crowd and you will be sure to land in the Philad. Branch.

Holiday goods—Garmans. 3

Mr. William H. Vanderbilt and his sons Cornelius, Frederick and George, went to the Moravian Cemetery on Staten Island and examined the work going on there at Mr. Vanderbilt's expense. They visited the site of the projected mausoleum, leading to which there will be a serpentine road, which will cost $30,000. The mausoleum will be built on a hill, and will cost $500,000.

A half million mausoleum may make the great railroad king think he will die happy and be buried in a tomb which potentates might envy, yet he can't shut out the worms who will not respect his corpse any more than that of the shabbiest tramp nor will it taste any sweeter. And if some breadless artist were to steal to his resting place at a midnight hour and inscribe upon his mausoleum that the world might read it, "The Public be Damned," would there be any indignation? We rather think not. They are the words of Vanderbilt, and the public would not even mourn to know that when this modern Croesus got to the other court he would find the first two words of the quotation erased and his own name substituted for them.

In a recent talk Cleveland said, "I am not engaged in making cabinets at this time." He further says he does not want any pomp or display at his inauguration.

Mr. Mitchell's bill to pension General Grant, introduced in the Senate, will give the veteran $40,000 to start with if it becomes a law, and $5,000 per year during the remainder of his existence. It is claimed that the sum of $250,000 raised for him by the rich men of the country a few years ago was so badly invested that very little income is at present derived from it. Sooner or later, it is argued, the General must become a charge upon the nation.

The supreme Court of Massachusetts has recently rendered a decision that ought to be a warning to blundering doctors, especially quack doctors. The case before the court was that of a man, claiming to be a physician, who was called to attend a sick woman in Worcester, and who directed that she should be wrapped in flannel, and that the flannel should be kept saturated with kerosene oil. The doctor's direction was obeyed, and the result was that the woman was killed thereby. The doctor was indicted, tried and convicted of manslaughter. The essential feature of this crime consists in the killing of a human being, as the fruit of criminal ignorance, carelessness and negligence, without the malicious or murderous intention. The jury found by their verdict that this is just what the doctor in this case had done, and hence convicted him of manslaughter. The case was carried to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and the verdict of the jury was there sustained. The defendant claimed to be a physician; and of him, considered as making this claim, and acting in its capacity, the court said: "The man who assumes to act as the defendant did must have done it at his peril. The defendant knew that he was using kerosene and saw from day to day how it worked. The jury has found that it was applied as a result of a foolhardy presumption or gross ignorance, and that is enough." Let quack doctors take warning as to what they claim to be, and as to what they do.

THE AMERICAN FARMER,

a sixteen page agricultural magazine, published at Fort Wayne, Ind., is rapidly taking rank as one of the leading agricultural journals of the country. It is devoted exclusively to the interests of the Farmer, Stock Breeder, Dairyman, Gardener and Household, and every species of industry connected with that great portion of people, the Farmer. Farmers can not well get along without it. It puts new ideas in their minds. It teaches them how to farm with profit. It makes the home happy, the young folks cheerful, the growler contented, the down-cast happy, and the demagogue honest.

Send us a new subscriber to the REPORTER with pay in advance and pay your own paper in advnce, 1 year, and we will give to each the American Farmer one year as a present.

THE GREAT OIL GUSHER RUNNING DRY.

Bradford, Pa., Dec. 4.—The production of the phenomenal Thorn Creek pool is rapidly declining. Wells which have added thousands of barrels to the stocks above ground have suddenly stopped, much to the consternation of the owners. Generally a dose of nitro-glycerine will revive the production, but this is not always the case. The Gibson No. 2 ceased to flow this morning. The Armstrong did nothing to-day. Scouts who claim to have acquired knowledge from the McBride mystery say that ten bits have been run in the sand with no showing of oil. Should the McBride come in good, it would open up considerable new territory to the southeast. The oil trade is praying that the wells may prove dry.

——A great many fellows who went up Salt river first purchased their groceries from Sechlers, where only the best are kept. Persons who do not go up Salt river also buy their family groceries at Sechlers, because they get them fresh and pure, and a trifle above wholesale for cash.

David B. Hill is Cleveland's successor as governor of the Empire State. He is a resident of Elmira, N. Y., and has lived there more than twenty years. Like Cleveland, he is a bachelor. When he located in Elmira, the story is that he would never marry until he was a rich man. He has his rooms in a building with a number of other bachelors, and the block in consequence is named "The Saints' Rest." Hill's apartments, three in number, are elegantly furnished, and he entertains in a royal way. He is as punctual as John Adams used to be when he lived in Washington. It is said of Adams that one day when he was a member of the house of representatives one member looked at the clock and observed that it was time to call the house to order. A second member turned towards Mr. Adams' seat and replied: "No; it is not time, Adams is not in his seat." In a moment Mr. Adams came in. The clock was three minutes fast. Mr. Hill is so punctual that it is said one can set his watch by the hour that he goes to his meals. He has no love for sports of any character, nor is he a collector of books or pictures. He takes great interest in politics and has done so since he was a lad working at the polls in a country town. He has no mother or sisters to do the honors for him in the New York state executive mansion.

The whereabouts of Blaine has been found. Instead of going up Salt river he broke away from his crowd, and has pitched his shanty on the newly discovered lake Matassini, in the unexplored country west of Labrador.

RUSSIAN WHEAT IN EUROPEAN MARKETS.

Mr. M. J. Cramer, United States Consul General at Berne, Switzerland, reports to the Secretary of State that Russian wheat is now driving American wheat out of the markets of Switzerland and South Germany. "The Russian wheat dealers," he says, "strain every nerve to supply the markets of Central and Southwestern Europe. They are supported in their endeavor by the low cost of transportation, both by railway and by sea and river steamers, in consequence of which Russian wheat is offered at a very low price. These circumstances cause a constant increase in the export of wheat from Russia into Italy, South Germany and Switzerland via Genoa, Marseilles, Antwerp and Rotterdam, so that this country is now almost entirely supplied with Russian wheat." If American wheat is to regain command of these markets both its price and the cost of its transportation must be reduced.

The Philadelphia *Record* says a reduction in the price of anthracite coal varying from 25 to 40 cents a ton is anticipated by the coal companies within two months. The officers of these corporations say this great saving to consumers, amounting in the aggregate to eight and a half million dollars a year, is to be brought about by abandoning the present system of suspensions of mining one week in every four and by a return to the quota plan which means that the coal companies will apportion by themselves the precentage of the market demand each can supply. All the companies, with one exception, agree that this is the preferable method.

SHOT WHILE HUNTING.

Particulars of the Accident to John Liggett, of Beech Creek, while in the Woods.

Lock Haven, Dec. 2.—On Monday morning, says the *Express*, Mr. John Liggett, of Beech Creek, accompanied by Messrs. John DeLong and Quig Clarke, went up to what is called the "Cove" six miles above Beech Creek, to start a deer. Mr. Liggett, who was stationed on the run way, being cold undertook to start a fire and set his gun against a tree. He then took a chunk of a log and laid it next to the tree, and taking his gun in hand, near the muzzle, intended to set it back of this chunk against another tree, when the chunk rolled and struck the gun, causing it to go off. The ball entered Mr. Liggett's left side, passed thro' his lung and came out under his shoulder blade.

When he was shot no one was near him, Mr. Clarke being a mile away. He, however heard the report of a gun and supposed Mr. Liggett had killed a deer. It was but a few minutes until he heard five more shots in quick succession, when he hurried to the spot only to find Mr. Liggett in the condition mentioned. His condition is a critical one, but if any one can "pull through" he can, as he is a man of strong nerve, as the particulars of the accident fully prove.

About ten years ago Mr. Liggett was shot in the leg by the accidental discharge of his gun, and his strong determination to get well did much to aid his recovery at this time.

——Every body has dropped politics and the inauguration of Cleveland is the next big thing on the carpet. You want a good fashionable suit to attend the inauguration, and the place to get it and save enough money to carry you to Washington and back, is at the Philad. Branch, the cheapest clothing house this side of Salt river. Now is your time to buy.

Plushes, felts, etc.—Garmans. 10

Arasene, chenille, filoselle embroidery silks—Garmans. 10

A BETTER OUTLOOK.

From a careful compilation of the reports received by the *Iron Trade Review* computes that within the past four weeks 25 iron establishments have started up, giving employment to 12,175 men. In 4 establishments the force has been increased by 1,250 men; in 16 establishments the working time has been reduced to an average of eight hours; in 36 establishments the wages have been reduced to an average of 12½ per cent. affecting about 20,000 men, and 27 establishments have closed down entirely, throwing out of work 12,275 men. These figures relate only to iron and steel industries.

The plaining mill proprietors, of Cincinnati, who have been in the habit of discharging a number of their employees during the winter, have adopted a plan for keeping all hands at a reduction of wages, and the plan has been accepted by most of the employees. It will not affect the schedule wages for the coming summer.

On last Saturday afternoon the Washington monument was completed by setting in place the marble capstone and its pyramidal apex of aluminium. The ceremonies were few and simple, an elaborate celebration of the event being reserved for Washington's birthday. Soon after 2 o'clock Colonel Thomas L. Casey, the Government engineer in charge, and his assistants, Capt. Davis, United States army, and Benard R. Green, civil engineer, together with Master Mechanic McLaughlin and several workmen, standing on a narrow platform built around the sloping marble roof near the summit, proceeded to set the capstone, weighing 6,300 pounds, which was suspended from a framework of heavy joists, supported by the platform and towering 40 feet above them. As soon as the capstone was set the American flag was unfurled overhead and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired by major Hanneman's militia battery in the White House grounds far below. The sound of cheers also came up faintly from a crowd of spectators gathered around the base of the monument, while a number of invited guests on the 500-foot platform and in the interior of the monument at that level struck up the "Star-Spangled Banner" and other patriotic songs.

THE LANCASTER CREMATORIUM.

Interesting Exercises at Its Formal Opening—A Body Incinerated.

Lancaster, Nov. 25.—The leading spirits of the Lancaster crematorium were busy all day in making preparations for the formal opening and for the incineration of the body of Mrs. Frederick Besseler, of Jersey City, N. Y., the first subject for cremation here. The fires in the furnace were lighted Monday and the retort was kept at a red heat all night so that the temperature might the more readily be raised to a white heat by the time the body arrived and was prepared for incineration. The body of Mrs. Besseler was brought to Lancaster accompanied by the husband of the deceased.

The attendance at the crematorium was quite large, fifty-five in number being present, besides many of the most prominent lawyers, doctors, clergy and business men of the city, and several ladies and gentlemen from abroad. Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, ex-surgeon general of the United States, sent a letter expressing his disappointment at not being able to attend, and declaring that he will make provision for the cremation of his own body after death. The exercises were begun by Rev. George Gaul, pastor of St. Paul's Methodist church, who offered prayer, Dr. M. F. Davis, of Lancaster, then made a lengthy address, after which Rev. J. Max Hark, pastor of the Moravian church, of Lancaster, spoke at length.

When his address was concluded the catafalque, upon which was the body, was rolled into the audience room and placed in position before the retort. The folding doors were opened and also the retort door, the catafalque was advanced, the cradle containing the body was rolled into the retort and the door was closed, all in a few moments, the operation being performed as quickly as possible in order to prevent the cooling of the retort. In a few hours afterwards the gases were oxidized, the carbonic acid driven off and nothing remained but a few pounds of clean white ashes. The retort will be opened to day.

Other cremations will soon take place. Applications from a lady in Baltimore for the cremation of the dead body of her husband, and from a family in New York state, for the cremation of a man named Schmid, are on file. The society has fixed the price of cremation at $25.

In Philadelphia 15,000 men, women and children are out of work—some on a strike and others on account of shutting down of mills.

Embroidering material—Garmans.

—— Workshops are starting up again in all quarters. It was a fortunate thing for the poor that the fall season has been so pleasant, and it is fortunate for all that they can enjoy pure, fresh and wholesome groceries, such as Sechlers keep. No family has perfectedness in its regulations unless its groceries are purchased at this old and reliable stand in the Bush House block.

——The most sensible Christmas gift for a friend would be a pair of nice boots or shoes, from Mingles, in the Brockerhoff houseblock.

Every kind of stamping—Garmans. 10

You will find our prices on curtain poles to be the very lowest—Garmans. 10

STREET DUEL IN TEXAS.

Particulars have been received of a double tragedy at Nechesville, a thriving town twelve miles north of Palestine, Texas, wherein two prominent residents, Dr. Calhoun Lawrence and Lucius V. Simpson, were the victims. Dr. Lawrence, meeting Simpson in the evening on the street, asked him if it was convenient for him to pay $11 due on account. Simpson declared he believed he did not owe the Doctor anything. Hot words ensued, and Lawrence called Simpson "Coward," whereupon the latter drew his revolver and cried out to Lawrence to defend himself.

Quick as a flash the Doctor drew his weapon and fired, the bullet striking Simpson near the heart. Simpson staggered, but recovered and fired, hitting Lawrence in the breast. By this time a dozen or more people had gathered to witness the fearful duel. Both mortally wounded, the two men stood within a few paces of one another and emptied the contents of their revolvers into each other, every bullet taking effect. When Simpson had emptied his weapon, with blood streaming from five fearful wounds, he sprang at Lawrence and struck him a terrible blow on the head with the butt of his revolver. This was Simpson's dying effort, for instantly he reeled, threw up his hands, and fell dead at the feet of his antagonist. Lawrence walked into a neighbor's store, laid his pistol on the counter and fell.

He was carried to his home, where he begged piteously that Simpson's body might be brought in and laid beside him. This was done and for five hours the surviving man lay dying beside the corpse of his late antagonist, all the time bemoaning his rash act, and praying to God to forgive them both. He died soon afterward. So touching was the scene that it was with the greatest effort that many friends of both men could restrain their tears. The men were cousins by marriage, had always lived on most friendly terms until this meeting, and both leave families.

CRUSHING COURSE OF THE HOCKING VALLEY SYNDICATE—PARALYZING BUSINESS.

Cleveland, Dec. 5.—The representative of the *Press*, the organ of the workingmen, now in the Hocking region, telegraphs to-day that the difficulty there could be settled in two days and the miners set to work if the powerful coal syndicate would relent even to the extent of furnishing cars for operators, who are willing to pay the 70 cents a ton demanded by the miners. Parties owning the undeveloped mines containing as fine coal as a pick ever entered have vainly endeavored to open them and set miners at work. The railroad companies refuse to put in switches. On the Swackammer farm, near Nelsonville, is a rich vein of coal. A company of citizens owning the property labored unsuccesefully with President Green, of the Hocking road, for a week, and even offered to build their own switch if the railroad would simply furnish cars. The new company proposed to pay the miners 70 cents per ton for mining and the railroad company could never encourage that.

The hundreds of men that this mine would have employed are idle to-day. Pickett & Co's mine at Nasonville employs about 100 men and pays 70 cents per ton. Last week the railroad company refused to furnish any more cars though the switches between there and Columbus are full of empty and idle flats, and Pickett's miners are added to the idle throng.

When W. P. Rand went into the courts and by a temporary injunction forced the railroad company to come to terms and furnish cars, this victory was a barren one, for while the company will obey the order of the Court and supply cars, it will permit them to be run to Columbus only. If shipment is desired on any other road the coal must be transferred to other cars, and this is wholly impracticable. The vast sums of money expended by the syndicate in importing worthless men, in employing guards, in building and maintaining forts and boarding houses to protect and lodge their hirelings would have gone a long way towards paying the 20 cents difference in dispute, or a ten cents difference that might have been agreed upon. The importation of alleged miners, who are really nothing but day laborers, is made for show. The mines cannot be successfully worked without the skilled help now idle. It is not true that there have been desertions from the ranks of miners. Indeed the only authenticated case is that of one man and his son. However, the hopelessness of the fight is admitted on all sides, for matters are all in the hands of three gigantic corporations who will not relent.

——From all parts of the country come accounts of the storm and damage done.

——While digging for the foundation of Daniel Beashor's new house in Port Royal, Juniata county, almost a half bushel of Indian arrow points were unearthed.

Zephyrs and Saxony—Garmans. 10

——The cow-boys had a national convention in St. Louis, last week, and may be the next new political party, under the cry of "Come boss, come boss." They have sent a committee to the Philadelphia Branch clothing house to see if it is so that clothing is sold there for less than elsewhere in the United States. The reputation of Lewins & Co. has thus gone out to the territories and no doubt a good trade will soon be opened with the Philad. Branch.

1885.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.
ILLUSTRATED.

With the new volume, beginning in Dec., Harper's Magazine will conclude its thirty-fifth year. The oldest periodical of its type, it is yet, in each new volume, a new magazine, not simply because it presents fresh subjects and new pictures, but also, and chiefly, because it steadily advances in the method itself of magazine-making. In a word, the Magazine becomes more and more the faithful mirror of current life and movement. Leading features in the attractive programme for 1885 are: New serial novels by Constance Fenimore Woolson and W. D. Howells; a new novel entitled "At the Sed Glove;" descriptive illustrated papers by F. D. Millet, R. Swain Gifford, A. E. Abbey, H. Gibson, and others; Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," illustrated by Abbey; important papers on Art, Science, etc.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE	4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
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An epitome of everything that is attractive and desirable in juvenile literature.—Boston Courier.

A weekly feast of good things to the boys and girls in every family which it visits.—Brooklyn Union.

It is wonderful in its wealth of pictures, information, and interest.—Christian Advocate, N. Y.

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LIFE GROWS SO WEARY.

Oh! life grows so weary that early or late
We turn longing eyes toward the beautiful gate
At whose portal our burdens and sorrows laid down.
Rest, perfect and peaceful, becomes our glad crown.

The flowers that bloom in the pathway of life,
Are trampled so soon in its turbulent strife;
The crystal-bright fountains turn bitter some day,
And hopes that were fairest fade swiftly away.

Even dear little children grow weary so soon,
They tremble and faint in their earliest bloom,
And with pale hands crossed meekly o'er fluttering breast
They haste to the master who giveth them rest.

The strong bore the burden and heat of th e day;
Life slopes to the westward, yet, waiting, they stay,
With forms bent and careworn and faltering head,
"I am weary, so weary," how often 'tis said.

No summits are gained but by desperate toil,
With wearisome marches preceding the spoil;
How we labor and suffer—take heart—and despair,
Pressing on to the future, that seemeth so fair.

Oh! life grows so weary, that early or late,
We turn wistful eyes toward the beautiful gate
At whose portals our burdens laid joyfully down.
Rest, perfect and lasting, shall be our glad crown.

"A MADMAN."

Whenever I hear anybody say: "You know Jacques Parent died mad in an insane asylum," a painful shudder, a creeping of fear and anguish passes through all my bones; and I see again before me the figure of that tall strange man, mad perhaps long before I knew him—an alarming person, a really fearful maniac.

He was a man of about forty years old, tall, lanky, slightly stooped, with the eyes of one troubled by hallucination—black eyes, so black in fact that the pupil could not be distinguished—mobile eyes, wandering, sickly, haunted. What a singularly annoying person he was—bringing with him, spreading around him an atmosphere of uneasiness, a vague distress of soul and body, such an incomprehensible feeling of nervousness as inclines people to believe in supernatural influence.

He had one very unpleasant crank—a mania for keeping his hands concealed. He was scarcely ever seen to let his hands wander listlessly—as we all do—upon surrounding objects, tables, furniture. Never did he touch anything in his vicinity in that familiar easy way which nearly all men have. Never did he let them be seen uncovered — those long, bony hands of his, slender and slightly nervous. He always kept them either buried in his pockets, or hidden behind his coat-tails, or concealed under his armpits when he folded his arm. One might have supposed he was afraid that those hands might, in spite of him, do something wrong—might perpetrate some ludicrous or shameful act if he allowed them to remain a moment free—if he suffered them to remain masters of their own movements.

When he was obliged to make use of them for the ordinary necessaries of life, he did so only by sudden jerks, by swift movements of the arms, as though wishing to prevent them from having time to act of their own accord, to refuse to do his bidding, to do something else instead. When at table he would handle his glass, his knife or his fork so quickly that nobody ever had an opportunity to observe what he was going to do before it had already been done.

Now I was able one evening to obtain the explanation of his astounding disease of mind.

He used in those days to pay me visits from time to time at my country residence; and on the evening in question he seemed unusually nervous.

A storm was rising in the sky, black and stifling, after a long day of atrocious heat. No breath of air moves the leaves. A sort of hot-bath vapor passed across over faces, made us pant for air. I was feeling very uneasy, very much agitated, and I wished to go to bed.

When he saw me rise to leave the room Jacques Parent seized me by the arm with a grip of terror.

"Oh, no!" he said; "stay a little while with me!"

I looked at him in surprise, and murmured:

"It's only because this storm is making me very nervous."

"And me! Oh! remain here, I beg of you—I do not want to be left alone."

His looks were wild. I asked him:

"What is the matter with you? Are you losing your senses?"

And he stammered in reply:

"Yes, now and then, on such evenings as this—electrical evenings—I am —I am—I am afraid—I am afraid of myself, no, you do not understand me. It is because I am gifted with a might —no, a power—no, with a force. In short I can not tell you what it is; but I find in myself a magnetic action, so extraordinary that I am afraid—yes, terrified at myself, as I have just told you."

And he concealed his madly quivering hands under the lapel of his jacket.

Then I myself began suddenly to feel the trembling of fear—a fear vague, mighty and horrible. I felt an awful desire to get away, to run away, to escape from the sight of him, to escape the sensation of feeling his wandering eye passing over me, then turn from me and circle about the ceiling, seeking some dark corner of the room to fix itself upon, as if he wanted to hide his awful gaze as well as his awful hands.

I stammered out: "Why, you never told me this before."

He went on:

"Do I ever tell anybody? Listen! This evening I cannot keep my secret, and I would rather you should know everything. Besides, you might be able to succor me.

"Do you know what magnetism is? No. Nobody knows what it is. But its existence is fully established; its manifestations are recognized; the doctors themselves practice it; one of the most illustrious, M. Charcot professes it. Therefore there is no doubt that it exists.

"A man—a being—has the frightful and incomprehensible power of compelling another being, by mere force of will, to sleep, and of robbing him while so asleep of his thought, of his soul, just as one might steal a purse. He steals his thought—that is to say, his soul—the sanctuary, the secret of the Me—the soul, that deep of being supposed to be impenetrable, unfathomable —the soul, which is the asylum of fancies that man dares not avow, of all hidden things, of all that one desires to conceal from other human beings; and he tears it open—he violates it—he exhibits it nakedly—he flings it to the public! Is it not atrocious, wicked, infamous?

"Why how can this be done? Does anybody know? Why, what can anybody know about it? All is mystery. We have no means of communicating with other objects save our miserable senses—incomplete, infirm, so feeble that they have scarcely power enough to discover what is round about us. All is mystery. Think of music, for example; that divine art—that art which troubles the soul, carries it away, intoxicates it, maddens it—what is that music? Nothing.

"You do not understand me? Listen! Two bodies strike against each other. The air vibrates. Its vibrations are more or less numerous, more or less rapid, more or less powerful, according to the nature of the shock. Now each of us has in his or her ear a fine small skin which receives these aerail vibrations and transmits them to the brain in the form of sound. Fancy a glass of water turning into wine in your mouth! The tympanum accomplishes this incredible metamorphosis—this miraculous change of motion into sound. See!

"Music, that complex and mysterious art—precise as algebra and yet vague as a dream—that art made of mathematics and of wind, exists only through the strange property of a little morsel of skin. Did it not exist, that little skin—neither could sound exist, since sound consists in itself of a mere vibration. Could music be understood had we no ears? No! Very well, then! we are surrounded by many other things the existence of which we will never be able to even suspect, simply because we lack those sense-organs which could reveal them to us.

"Perhaps magnetism belongs to this class of things. We can only have a presentiment of this power—we can only feel our way tremblingly in its spectral neighborhood—we can only catch a faint glimpse of this new secret of nature—because the natural instrument of revelation does not exist within us.

"As for myself—as for myself, I am possessed of a frightful power. I feel as though there were within me another being, another life imprisoned in me, incessantly trying to escape—another being who is ever striving to act against my will, who agitates me, gnaws me, exhausts me. What is it? What is he? I do not know; but there are two of us in this miserable body of mine; and it is he, or the other one, who often proves the stronger, as he is this evening.

"I need only look at people in order to stupefy them as thoroughly as though I drugged them with heavy doses of opium. I have only to extend my hands in order to produce things—things—horrible things! If you could only know! Yes, if you could only know! My power does not merely extend to men, but to animals and even—even to inanimate objects!

"All this tortures and terrifies me. I often think of tearing out my eyes—of cutting off my hands.

"But I am going to show you—I want you to know everything! Here! I will show you the power I speak of—not over human creatures—that can be seen anywhere—but over—over animals. Call Mirza!"

He walked to and fro with great rapid strides, like one in a hallucination; and he stretched out his hands, which had been kept hidden in his bosom. They seemed to me as terrible as though he had suddenly produced two naked swords.

And I obeyed him mechanically, completely subjugated, quivering with terror, and nevertheless devoured by an impetuous curiosity to see. I opened the door and whistled to my dog, who was lying down in the hallway. Forthwith I heard the hurried patter of her nails on the steps of the stairway; and she appeared at the door, all joyously, wagging her tail.

Then I ordered her to lie down in an armchair; she leaped upon it, and Jacques began to stroke her and look into her eyes. At once she became uneasy; she commenced to quiver, turning her head first to one side, then to the other in order, to avoid the fixed gaze of the man, seeming to be seized with an over-growing fear. Then suddenly she began to tremble all over, as dogs tremble. Her whole body palpitated, shook with long shudderings; and she tried to escape, to run away. But he simply placed his hand upon the skull of the animal; and under the touch she uttered one of those long howls that may be heard by night through the great silence of the country.

I felt myself numbed, dizzy as one feels when on the deck of a rocking ship. I saw the furniture bending, the walls moving. I gasped out: "Enough of this, Jacques! enough!"

But he did not listen to me. He continued to gaze at Mirza in a frightful, continuous manner. She closed her eyes at last and let her head drop as if sinking to sleep. He turned toward me.

"It is done," he said. "Now watch."

And throwing his handkerchief to the further end of the apartment, he shouted: "Fetch it!" The animal rose, staggering, stumbling as if blind, moving her feet as paralytics move their limbs, and found her way to the handkerchief, which made a white spot at the edge of the wall. Several times she tried to seize it in her mouth; but she snapped in the air close beside it, as if she could not see it. Finally she caught it in her jaws, and returned with the same unsteady, somnambulistic gait.

It was something terrifying to see.

He commanded her: "Lie down!" She crouched. Then touching her forehead he cried: "A hare!—sick him! sick him!" And the animal, still lying on her side, seemed trying to run, tossed her limbs like dogs do, while dreaming, and without opening her mouth made strange barking sounds—ventriloquistic barkings.

Jacques seemed now like one insane. The sweat streamed from his forehead. He thundered out: "Bite him!—bite your master!" She made two or three terrible struggles, one would have sworn she was striving against an irresistible force. He repeated, "Bite him!" Then rising up, my own dog approached me, and I recoiled; I retreated to the wall, trembling with fright, my foot raised to kick her, to repulse her.

But Jacques again ordered: "Come back here—at once!" She returned to him. Then, with his two great hands, he commenced to rub her head, as though removing invisible hands which tied it.

Mirza reopened her eyes. "That's all!" he said.

I did not dare to lay my hands upon her—and I pushed the door open immediately to let her go out. She went forth very slowly, trembling all over, thoroughly exhausted; and once more I heard the pattering of her claws as she descended the stairs.

But Jacques again approached me "That is not the worst," he said. "What terrifies me the most is this: Objects obey me!"

On my table was lying a sort of ornamental poniard which I used to cut the leaves of books. It seemed to crawl—it moved slowly—and all at once I saw—yes, I saw the knife itself tremble and quiver, and slide of its own accord, slowly, surely to the outstretched hand waiting for it, into the grasp of the fingers ready to close upon it.

I screamed with terror. I thought for a moment that I had become mad myself; but the shriek of my own voice at once calmed me.

Jacques continued:

"All objects come to me in the same way. That is why I hide my hands. What is this? Is it magnetism, electricity, loadstone-power? I don't know —but it is horrible. And do you know why it is horrible? When I find myself alone—the very moment I am alone —I cannot help calling to me everything about me. And I spend whole days in moving things this way from place to place—never tiring of exerting this abominable power of mine, as if to find outwhether I am losing it or not."

He had again buried his two large hands in his pockets; and he stared into the night. A light noise, a faint shuddering seemed to pass through the trees.

It was the rain commencing to fall.

I muttered: "It is frightful"

He repeated: "It is horrible!"

Then a great tremor rushed through the folage like a gust of wind. It was the heavy shower descending—a thick and torrential rain.

Jacques began to breathe in the air, with long, powerful aspirations which lifted his chest.

"Leave me now," he said; "the rain will give me calm. I wish now to be alone."

An English Farmer's Wife.

"We's up at 4 o'clock, for yer must be up betimes; the young poultry are soft and can't bide long wh les without food. At quarter to four I steps out of my bed just sharp like, and rings out to the girls and they slips forth from bed as quick as ever they may, and we jumps on with our clothes and minds our beasts, whatever it may be that God has given us to look after. And then at 7 o'clock Bilston and all of us have breakfast. We have home-made bread, and there's bread and milk for the girls; and we always has a slip of bacon on Sundays. After we have had breakfast," continued Mrs. Bilston, "master he bids they settle theyselves, and we all sits this wise—Polly there, and Tom yonder, and Bilston in his armchair," and the good woman enumerated and showed me exactly where each member of her family sat. "Then the master calls for the family Bible, as belonged to his grandmother, in which is written how his father's sister died of the measles when she was four years old; and he begins at the first chapter of Genesis and works right on forward like till the book is ended, and then he starts and begins again. He always reads one chapter, and never no more and never no less; and when anything he thinks applies like he says to one of them, 'Now you take and mind that, my lad,' or 'my wench,' as the case may be; and then, when he has said a few words of learning and minding, we gets up and each of us goes off to his or her business. I churns regular three times a week, and the girls they get off to making the beds or scrubbing, or maybe to the calves or to the poultry. There's always work for the willing. Then by twelve o'clock we're all in again, and after the gals and boys has a-made themselves tidy—for I can't do with no dirt about their hands and faces at meal—while we sits down; and we has most times broth or rice and sagy pudding, and winter times an apple tart, or, for a treat like, a jam roll; and then there's a glass of cider for Bilston and the men, and there's milk for the gals. And after we've a-done—that's saying, when all's have eaten up clean and neat whatever father or myself have a-given them—we goes out, all but Polly, who clears away, and washes us and puts back all the pewter; and then we minds the beasts again till 4 o'clock, when we comes in and has tea, which I keeps in the tea-caddy as my mother a-gave me when I married, and which I always keeps locked—for I won't have no trifling with the tea; and after tea we drives in the poultry to roost, and we stalls the calves and such like 'nesh' beasts for the night. And after that the gals come, and they out with their needle and thread; and to make the work go merry, we sings such songs as I used to learn by times when I was a chit, such as 'Cherry Ripe,' 'Little Boy Blue' and 'Sally in our Alley,' and all the while we darn father's stockings or make the boys, new shirts, or maybe the gals make their own gowns—but I won't have no furbelows nor bunching about behind nor before, as such like folly only hinders their gait and makes them vain with frippery. Then there's often the sheets to mend or the the underlinen to put to rights. And I always keep they sweet with lavendy, as does a body good to smell and seems well and pleasant like for any one in bed. And at 9 o'clock we all get to bed, and I goes round rooms at the half hour; for I don't stand no candles burning after such whiles, for it be a danger to the house and a folly to themselves."

The Crops.

November returns of cotton to the Department of Agriculture, indicate a crop somewhat larger than 1883. It is in unusually fine condition, of good color, unstained by storms and free from trash and dirt. Returns of the rate of the yield of corn indicate a product somewhat in excess of eighteen hundred million bushels, or an average rate or small fraction above 26 bushels per acre. The best yields are, as in 1883, in what has been designated the "Great American Desert." "The arid region," in the vicinity of the 100th meridian, have produced heavy crops of maize of a high quality, and that line of longitude has ceased to be an absolute barrier to the corn production or general farming. The quality of corn is better than in 1883, nearly everywhere, and the Northern belt is worth 25 to 75 per cent. more. The potato crop is nearly an average yield of 90 bushels per acre, and exceeds 190,000,000 bushels.

Relics of Monmouth Field.

Among the the relics exhibited at the unveiling of the Monmouth Battle Monument at Freehold is a sword carried by Major Joseph Powell, and the very cannon used by Captain Molly Pitcher on the battle field of Monmouth. The exhibitor of these relics is the grandson of Major Joseph Powell, the venerable T. McChesney, M. D., of Cranbury, N. J. The old gentleman, though now in his eighty-third year, is quite active, and is apparently as full of patriotism as was his grandfather, Major Powell.

An Old German Town.

The Harz mountains have no considerable elevation, except at one point (the Braken three thousand four hundred feet,) but on the eastern side rise so abruptly from the flatness of the cultivated fields as to enhance their dignity by the striking contrast. They have done their very best here in the first effort. At the summit of the eastern elevation, where furs and beeches run part way down the slope and corn has worked its way up to meet them, stands Schloss Blankenburg, half-residence, half fortress, very solid, very homely, long and low. One would say that its site justifies the use of this building as a residence, for if the view from its windows were less fine the execrable furniture of its rooms would make life a burdem. The explanations of its original, and its early times more important, character of fortress is obvious. The town is built on the hillside below the castle, and the town wall depends from the loop, which it makes about the heavy masonry and rock work of its Burg, as one may plainly see. The wall spreads out in pear shape below to inclose the few hundred houses.

Peasant women here have a custom which may illustrate at this dependance, They do not carry their babies on the arm, but an arrangement like the lower half of a skirt is hung round the neck, over one shoulder and under the other reaching to the waist. In the bosom of that lower fold the child is probably snug enough. So Blankenburg seems to have been carried by the castle; but no longer an infant town, it has broken its walls and kicked itself loose from the stone skirt, of which one now finds fragments used as the ready made sides of dwelling houses, and a considerable piece still hanging about the shoulders of the Schloss. To free her hands for work the peasant woman has invented her portable creche; evidently the old counts of Blankenburg had need of both hands. Right and left from their hill, within rifle range almost, are two other fortified heights—these totally ruinous—Regenstein and Helmburg. It was not a quiet neighbor in days of old. The profession of robber baron was overcrowded. Competition was so keen in the fourteenth century that one Count Regenstein was three times made prisoner by the citizens of a neighboring town. The citizens were clement, and twice dismissed him with an admonition; but finally shut him up in a cage (still to be seen in Quedlinburg), and so exhibited him to the public as an incorrigibly thievish bird.

"In one of the rooms of the Schloss Maria Theresa was born," the Castelian will tell us. This is not true; but the lovely and brilliant empress passed her early childhood here. Looking out from this window one sees just below on the slope the Rathhaus, in the walls of which are embedded cannon balls, perpetuating the memory of a siege by Wallenstein in the thirty years' war. Covering the vast eastern plain are grain fields, without fences and now showing various colors, woods of artificial appearance, cleared of underbrush and their trees set out in rows. Fields and woods are really the most enjoyable sights here, of course, just as their ruder forms in America have always seemed more beautiful than city halls and factories. Novelty of associations can do little more than deepen and quicken customary forms of enjoyment.

The Highland Lassies.

"The handsomest man I have ever seen," said William Black, "was a boatman on the west of Skye, the calm and serious dignity of whose face seemed more suggestive of Leonardo di Vinci than of herring fishing; and the handsomest woman I have ever seen was a young married lady, who, some years ago, happened to be traveling in the Clansman, and whose gently modulated English indicated an Inverness origin. When a Highland girl, even of the peasant class, is pretty (and the phenomenon is not of a very rare occurrence), the prettiness is of a refined and intellectual type; the forehead high, the eyes clear, full and contemplative, the mouth fine, and the expression of the face gentle and yet firm. Wordsworth never forgot the beauty of the Highland girl he saw at Inversnaid. Indeed, it is said he had to recur to that fount when he wished to pay a poetical compliment to his wife. For the rest, the way an educated Highland young lady speaks English is one of the most delightful things in the world, though, no doubt she would be very much surprised, and even indignant, if she was told that she had any accent at all.

A Bonanza.

Cotton seed is the Southern bonanza. There are three and a half pounds of seed to every pound of fibre. More than 4,000,000 tons are produced annually, but notwithstanding the rapid increase in the number of mills, only about ten per cent. of the seed is crushed, the rest being largely thrown away. A ton of seed yields 35 gallons of oil, 22 pounds of cotton, and 750 pounds of cake, used for fattening cattle. The value of these products is $19. The oil is largely used for making fine soaps, and when refined properly can hardly be distinguished from olive oil, which it is superseding for many purposes.

Camphor.

We had ignorantly supposed that camphor was the sap of a tree, gathered as that of our maple trees is, and evaporated until the fragrant and brilliant gum, with which we are familiar, was deposited, but find that though it is obtained in two or three ways, neither of them agrees with my idea, In China, from whence most of the gum camphor of commerce comes, the whole tree is split in small pieces, which are steeped in water and the liquor thus obtained is distilled until the gum is formed. In the Island of Sumatra, however, there is a variety of the camphor-tree which is much larger than that of China, under the bark of which the gum is found in a concrete form, and from which it is brushed down carefully with long brooms. Another variety of the same tree yields its gum in the form of pitch. In this case the gatherers first pierce the trees with an axe to discover their worth, as no outward sign betrays whether the heart of the tree will be found to contain oil, a resinous pitch, or gum.

After the axe has disclosed the white and shining substance for which they seek, the tree is cut down, divided into lengths of about three feet, and split open very carefully, when the gum is taken out in solid rolls, often as large as a man's arm, and all ready for market. One tree sometimes furnishes as much as eleven pounds of gum, of so fine a quality as to be valued by the Chinese at fifty times the price of that produced by their own trees. This superior quality, of which the Island of Sumatra yields only about 360 lbs., a year is rarely if ever exported. So highly is it prized by the natives of Japan and China, that the home market exhausts the supply, and they are unwilling to allow outside barbarians to obtain any. The Laurus Camphora of China is an evergreen of the Laurel family, growing to a large size, having glossy leaves and bearing clusters of yellowish flowers, which are succeeded by bunches of fruit resembling black currants. The camphor-tree of Sumatra is a larger and much more aromatic species. The Arabians are said to have introduced this valuable article to the notice of Europeans, since there is no evidence that it was known either to the Greeks or Romans.

A Hale Old Man of 93.

A tall, spare-built man, with snow white hair and beard, and dressed in a well-worn homespun suit, climbed up to the editorial rooms of the Philadelphia, Pa., *News*, accompanied by a small and peculiar looking dog. The man was Captain Robert W. Anderson, aged 93, of Sumter, South Carolina, a veteran of the war of 1812. In the late war he was a veterinary surgeon in a Southern regiment. The old gentleman is remarkably preserved for a man of his age, and is in full possession of all his faculties. He left Sumter on May 7 last, and walked all the way to Boston, where he has a son. In June last he was in New York, and his arrival was chronicled at the time. He visited all the principal cities in Massachusetts, traveling from place to place on foot. A month ago he went to Portland, Maine, from Boston by steamer and traveled extensively through that State on foot. He returned to Boston two weeks ago, and is now in New York city again on his way back to South Carolina. On his trip from Boston to New York he walked as far as Stamford. He says he will walk the entire distance home if the roads are good. The old man's walk per day on his journey from Sumter to Boston averaged 22 miles. He says he sometimes had difficulty in securing shelter from farmers who had been so victimized by tramps that they regarded everybody with suspicion. Generally speaking, Captain Andrews says he was most hospitably received. His papers, which include certificate of character from the Sheriff of his county, Judges and others, disposed of any doubt that might be entertained of his identity or statements.

In 1812 Captain Andrews drove a wagon between Sumter and Boston and between Charleston and Boston. He subseqnently, in the same year, was employed by the Government to drive a wagon between this city and Boston which carried Government gold and silver. He intends trying to get somebody interested in his case at Washington to procure him a pension. The only obstacle to him getting it is the fact that although he was employed by the Government in 1812 he was not enlisted. He says the records at Washington will prove all that he says about his employment by the Government. Captain Andrews' dog Fido accompanies him in his travels. The captain never used tobacco, but always takes a drink when he thinks he wants it. He has never been sick in his life,

California Products.

A San Francisco paper estimates the total value of California products for 1884 at $81,000,000. About $50,000,000 will be exported, consisting of wheat, barley, flour, wine, brandy, wool, salmon and canned fruits. Wheat leads the lists of exports, the total product being 1,500,000 tons, valued at $40,500,000.

Defile not your mouth with impure words.

HUMOROUS.

He had failed for half a million, and his assets would not pay two cents on the dollar. He gave up everything he had to satisfy his creditors, not even reserving the gold watch he had in his pocket. And yet they growled. An old friend called to see him. He met him at the depot with a $5,000 span of horses and conveyed him to a $200,000 residence, where he dined and wined him like a prince on the finest china and the costliest plate.

"Why, Jones," said his old friend, "I thought you had failed."

"So I have—given up everything, absolutely everything, to my creditors, as an honest man should," replied the bankrupt in a tone of self-abnegation.

"Why, you appear to be living pretty well," remarked the old friend.

"Ah, my dear sir, how mistaken you are," returned the two-cents-on-a-dollar failure. "Everything that you see is my wife's, absolutely everything. But she is too tender-hearted to deprive me of their use on account of my misfortunes."

A Canadian, meeting in Canada a gentleman from Louisville, kindly asked: "How is your health, and how did you happen to leave so flourishing a place as Louisville?" "Well," said the exiled Louisvillian, "it was very unfortunate, but I blame myself entirely. Instead of getting a city office I went into business. My necessities compelling me to steal, I stole. Then I had to git. If I could have got some place where I could have stolen from the city I might have been at this at this moment a happy man, at home and in the bosom of my family. Stranger, if you ever go to the United States, don't go into business; go into politics!" The Canadian was so touched that he immediately loaned the gentleman from Louisville $5 and turned away to conceal his emotion.

"What is that wooden box for, sir?" asked the new stockholder of the president of the just organized bank.

"That? Oh, that's for the securities and money, you know. We must have some place to keep them," replied the practical president.

"Why certainly; I know that," replied the astonished stockholder, "but ain't you going to have a safe?"

"No, there is no use going into foolish expenses," placidly replied the president.

"What, no safe?"

"Why, no. When the cashiers go to Canada they always take the combination with them, and you cannot realize anything on a second-hand safe with a busted lock."

Brown—"Ah, Smith! How are you? How's business?"

Smith (gentlemen's furnishing goods dealer)—"Splendid, old boy! splendid!"

"Brown—"How's that? Last time I saw you you were terribly down in the mouth and talked of going into bankruptcy."

Smith—"Yes; but don't you see, my boy, I've started a laundry since then. Big thing! Collars don't last two weeks, cuffs used up in three fronings, and shirt bosoms rubbed threadbare in no time! Great scheme! Don't you see? Goods go off like hot cakes—almost impossible to keep up the demand, and the best of it is, you know, that the more laundry work we do the more stuff we sell, and the more stuff we sell the more money our laundry brings in to us! Great scheme, my boy! Great scheme!"

Smith—"Beastly headache I got this morning. Too many brandies and sods last night, I'm afraid."

Brown—"Don't feel up to much myself; had lobster salad for supper and haven't slept a wink."

Jones—"Well, just look at the frightful cold I caught last night."

Brown—"Why, where were you?"

"At the health exhibition."

Smith and Brown (together)—"Why, so was I." [All groan.]

"I hear you called on your girl last night, Earl," said a down-town youth to one of Avondale.

"Yes, I called," he answered, in a bilious tone.

"Have a nice time?"

"No."

"Did you see her."

"Yes, saw her leaving the house with an other fellow just as I turned the corner two squares away."

"Did you read in the paper that a colored woman at Newport wears $40,000 worth of diamonds?" asked Galbooly, of an Austin drummer.

"Yes, I have read that item, and I would like to know what her name is."

"Want to be introduced to her?"

"No; but you see I travel about a great deal, and I would like to know on what line of railroad her husband is sleeping-car porter, so I could inveigle him into a little game of poker."

Conversation between a tenderfoot and a native of the Lone Star state.

"I don't see how you are able to raise any cattle in Texas."

"Way not?'

"On account of the Texas fever."

"There is one peculiarity about the Texas fever that you may not have heard of."

"What is that?"

"There has never been a case of it in Texas."

"I suppose you earn your living by some sedentary occupation," remarked Justice Tegener, jocosely to a tramp.

"You bit it, judge. When I am not on the road, I make a living sitting on a jury as a professional."

Clerk—"What do you wish, little girl?"

L. G.—"I want to know how much your best pills are. Your best pills.

A lady had been entertaining a friend of her husband, and the next day her little girl said to her: "Mamma, ain't we cannibals?" "Of course not," was the reply; "why do you ask?" "Because I heard papa say we had Jenkins for dinner yesterday."

Poetry is the utterance of truth, deep heartfelt truth. The true poet is very near the Oracle.

To enter safely into the married state the contracting parties should understand human nature, and, above all, their own dispositions, and then compare them frankly and candidly.

A Government Sheriff.

Mr. Edward L. Green, Sheriff, Auckland, New Zealand, writes: "I received an injury to my shoulder in June, 1882, and from that date until July, 1883, I could not use my right arm. I applied to medical men and used all sorts of liniment, without any benefit. I have great plasure in stating I had occasion to use St. Jacob's Oil for it, and I had not used it more than ten minutes before I felt the beneficial effect, and I can work with my saw or spade as well as ever I did, and recommend it to any one suffering pain."

A false friend is like a shadow on a dial; it appears in clear weather, but vanishes as soon as a cloud approaches.

A Popular Fallacy.

Many people think that Rheumatism cannat be cured. It is caused by a bad state of the blood which deposits poisonous matter in the joints and muscles causing lameness, stiffness and swelling of the joints and excruciating pains. Kidney-Wort will certainly effect a cure It acts on the Kidney, Liver and Bowels, stimulating them to a healthy action, purifies and enriches the blood and eliminates the poison from the system. Go to the nearest druggist, buy Kidney-Wort and be cured.

We are linked both to the past and the future, and our duty to the former, well fulfilled, will best fit us to discharge our duty to the latter.

Only Two Bottles. Messrs. Johnston, Holloway & Co., wholesale druggists of Philadelphia, Pa., report that some time ago a gentleman handed them a dollar, with a request to send a good catarrh cure to two army officers in Arizona. Recently the same gentleman told them that both of the officers and the wife of a well-known U. S. A. General had been cured by the two bottles of Ely's Cream Balm. (Not a liquid or snuff. Price 50 cts.)

Do not despise the opinion of the world; you might as well say you do not care for the light of the sun because you can use a candle.

If Success be the true test of merit, it is a settled fact that "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have no equal for the prompt relief of Coughs, Colds, and Throat troubles. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cts.

He who can at all times sacrifice pleasure to duty, approaches sublimity.

"Rough on Coughs."

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness. Troches,15c. Liquid,25c.

Girls we love for what they are; young men for what they promise to be.

Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The less a man thinks or knows about his virtue the better we like him.

The Mason & Hamlin Upright Pianos are pronounced to be, like the organs of the same company, the best of their kind. The refinement and purity of tone attained in them are especially commended.—*Boston Journal.*

The usual fortune of complaint is to excite contempt more than pity.

The Hope of the Nation.

Children slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, a hundred.

A new idea embraced in Ely's Cream Balm. Catarrh is cured by cleansing and healing, not by drying up. The application is easy and agreeable. It is not a liquid or snuff. Price 50 cts.

Weakness of character is the only defect which cannot be amended.

Indian History.

The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, is gone; but the Petroleum they discovered, now made into Carboline, the Natural Hair Restorer, will live forever.

It is with with flowers as with moral qualities; the bright are sometimes poisonous, but we believe never the sweet.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a fine blood depurent, a rational cathartic, and a superb antibilious specific. It rallies the failing energies of the debilitated, and checks premature decay. Fever and ague, bilious remittent, dyspepsia and bowel complaints are among the evils which it eatirely removes. In tropical countries, where the liver and bowels are organs most unfavorably affected by the combined influence of climate, diet and water, it is a very necessary safeguard. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

"St. Bernard VEGETABLE PILLS"

The best cure for LIVER and BILIOUS complaints, COSTIVENESS, HEADACHE and DYSPEPSIA. Price, 25 cents, at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address

S.T. BERNARD VEGETABLE PILL MAKERS, 82 Mercer Street, New York

Beware of Scrofula

Scrofula is probably more general than any other disease. It is insidious in character, and manifests itself in running sores, pustular eruptions, boils, swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, sore eyes, etc. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels all trace of scrofula from the blood, leaving it pure, enriched, and healthy.

"I was severely afflicted with scrofula, and for over a year had two running sores on my neck. Took five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and consider myself cured." C. E. Lovejoy, Lowell, Mass.

C. A. Arnold, Arnold, Me., had scrofulous sores for seven years, spring and fall. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured him.

Salt Rheum

William Spies, Elyria, O., suffered greatly from erysipelas and salt rheum, caused by handling tobacco. At times his hands would crack open and bleed. He tried various preparations without aid; finally took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now says: "I am entirely well."

"My son had salt rheum on his hands and on the calves of his legs. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla and is entirely cured." J. B. Stanton, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

LADIES PILLS OF TANSY are Perfectly Safe and always Effectual. *Sealed particulars* 2 cts. Wilcox Medicine Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

VARICOCELE or Wormy Veins of the Scrotum. *Often the unsuspected cause of* Lost Manhood, Debility, &c., quickly and positively cured by the Elastic Cradle-Compressor, $6. *Glove-fitting.* Circular *Free.* CIVIALE REMEDIAL AGENCY, 160 Fulton St., New York.

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(THE NEW FABRIC.)

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Royal Twills,
Improved Royal Twills,
Cable Twills,
Satin Merveilleux Twills,
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Many a silk has been condemned because the common SILESIA or a poor waist lining has been used. You should also ask for the

BLACK PRINCE TWILLS,

A Cloth we guarantee to be fast black, and that PERSPIRATION or ACIDS will not change, neither can it be made to CROCK in the SLIGHTEST DEGREE.

You will find our initials on each yard, representing M and G yards, thus G——M——, 2d., and so on; all other Twill goods are an imitation. Look for the letters G. & M. on selvage, none others are genuine.

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Household Accounts.—There are reasons why the wife or housekeeper should keep an account book. In the first place it would furnish interesting information of the number of pounds of sugar, spice, flour, meat, etc., that a family of a certain size consumes. How many know anything definite about these things? Again, such a record would suggest changes in the living in one way or another, and furnish a basis for calculation of the requirements of the coming year. We know of a lady who went so far as to keep an account of the extra meals she furnished in a year, and when it was announced the family were greatly surprised. A household account is a startling revealer of facts. As a matter of family history, a record should be kept—of course, the dates of births and deaths will be found in the family Bible, but there are other things that transpire in a family worthy of note.

Shawl Bags.—A bag is a capital thing to save a shawl from dust of a journey, and if of good size, can be used for holding toilet articles, etc. The best material for making a shawl bag is brown waterproof. Cut two round end pieces, eight inches in diameter, and a piece twenty inches wide by twenty-five inches long. Stitch close together, leaving the straight seam open nearly all the way across, and bind its edges and the edges of the end pieces with worsted braid, sewed on with the machine. Close the opening with three buttons and button-holes. Stitch a piece of braid on a band of the waterproof two inches wide and fasten on firmly for handles. The outside pocket can be made of any size, or left off, but is very convenient for papers. A person while traveling will never wish to be without one of the shawl bags after finding out how useful they are.

Tapioca Pudding.—Soak two ounces of tapioca in one pint of cold milk the night before using; then put in a saucepan with one pint more milk, two ounces of moist sugar, ten drops of essence of lemon; put this on the fire and let boil until the tapioca becomes quite clear, which will take about twenty minutes; then beat up the yolk of two eggs, add to them two tablespoonfuls of cream; mix these carefully in with the tapioca; pour this in a buttered dish, set it in the oven, and bake fifteen minutes.

Steamed Oysters.—You can steam oysters at home without much trouble. Get a wire basket, such as has been used for flowers will do very well; fill it with oysters in the shell, and immerse in a vessel of boiling water, which is deep enough to completely cover the basket of oysters. The oysters are done almost immediately. They must be opened into a hot dish where there is melted butter, pepper and salt. You may add broken crackers if you choose. The oysters should not stand, but should be eaten at once.

A Bargain in Corner Lots

is what most men desire, but to keep from filling a grave in a cemetery lot ere half your days are numbered, always keep a supply of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" by you. When the first symptoms of consumption appear lose no time in putting yourself under the treatment of this invaluable medicine. It cures when nothing else will. Possessing, as it does, ten time the virtue of the best cod liver oil, it is not only the cheapest but far the pleasantest to take. It purifies and enriches the blood, strengthens the system, cures blotches, pimples, eruptions and other humors. By druggists.

The life of man consists not in seeing visions and in dreaming dreams, but in active charity and willing service.

"Work, Work, Work!"

How many women there are working today in various branches of industry—to say nothing of the thousands of patient housewives whose lives are an unceasing round of toil—who are martyrs to those complaints to which the weaker sex is liable. Their tasks are rendered doubly hard and irksome and their lives shortened, yet hard necessity compels them to keep on. To such Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" offers a sure means of relief. For all female weaknesses it is a certain cure. All druggists.

If thou desirest to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.

Young and middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, premature old age, loss of memory, and kindred symptoms, should send three letter stamps for large illustrated treatise suggesting sure means of cure. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

When our hatred is too keen it places us beneath those we hate.

Keep This in Mind. In diamond Dyes more coloring is given than in any known dyes, and they give faster and more brilliant colors. 10c. at all druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample Card 32 colors, and book of directions for 2c. stamp.

If the end and aim of life is to please, it must be at the expense of truth.

Catarrh of the Bladder.

Stinging, irritation, inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

To see the hand of God in the present, and to trust it in the future, is the secret of peace.

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion, depression of spirits and general debility, in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated-Elixir of Calisaya" made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

The capacity for truly estimating things is the beginning of wisdom, the source of kindness.

The restoration to health of our child we considered uncertain. When two weeks old she caught cold. For 18 months was not able to breathe through her nostrils. Upon using Ely's Cream Balm her difficulty is removed; she breathes naturally;—Mr. & Mrs. J. M. Smith, Owego, N. Y. [Price 50 cents.]

Persons and events may stand for a time between you and justice—it is only a postponement.

"Rough on Pain" Plaster;

Porous and strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia. 25c Druggists or mail.

An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in back and sides, and I got so bad I

Could not move!

I shrunk!

From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles, I am not only as sound as a sovereign, but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life." R. Fitzpatrick. *Dublin, June 6, '81.*

CHAPTER II.

"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1880. Gentlemen—I suffered with attacks of sick Headache."

Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner.

No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure, until I used Hop Bitters.

"The first bottle

Nearly cured me;"

The second made me as well and strong as when a child,

"And I have been so to this day."

My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious

"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint,

"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—

"Incurable!"

Seven bottles of your Bitters cured him and I know of the

"Lives of eight persons"

In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters,

And many more are using them with great benefit.

"They almost

Do miracles!" —*Mrs. E. D. Slack.*

How to Get Sick.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know *how to get well*, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name

Hale's Honey

OF

Horehound and Tar

FOR PERSONS OF ALL AGES. A WONDERFUL CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION. IT BANISHES COUGHS (acute or chronic) and BREAKS UP COLDS like magic. IT CURES, in fact, where other remedies have failed.

Keep it in readiness. Of all Druggists at 50c. and $1—largest, cheapest. Look out for imitations. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute. German Corn Remover kills Corns and Bunions.

..LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S..
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR
All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.
Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.

It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

Send stamp to Lynn, Mass. for pamphlet. Letters of inquiry confidentially answered. *For sale of druggists.*

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CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds,
Sore Throat,
Lumbago,
Pleurisy,
Coughs,
Pneumonia,
Inflammations,
Rheumatism,
Neuralgia,
Headache,
Toothache,
Asthma,

Difficult Breathing.

In these cases the READY RELIEF should be applied freely over the affected parts until a burning sensation is felt, and it will be found in every case that the READY RELIEF is a quick, safe, powerful and reliable remedy. In severe cases when danger is threatened one or two doses of DR. RADWAY'S PILLS will help the READY RELIEF in effecting a cure.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the first and is the only Pain Remedy

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs by one application.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic Flatulency, and all internal Pains.

MALARIA in its Various Forms.

There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

The Great Blood Purifier.

For the cure of all Chronic Diseases, Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swellings, Scalding, Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

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Whether transmitted from parents or acquired, is within the curative range of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Cures have been made where persons have been afflicted with scrofula from their youth up to 20, 30 and 40 years of age, by

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A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

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For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

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In the human body ERADICATED by using CLARK'S WORM SYRUP! INFALLIBLE An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle. FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

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Marvelous success! Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all Brain & Nerve Diseases. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Don't Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

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Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289. 6 and 8 Vesey St., New York.

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1 Grand Square Piano	500	10 Gents' Gold Watches, English Movement	500
1 Grand Cabinet Organ	250	10 Ladies' " " "	500
1 Three-seat Rockaway	150	20 Boys' Silver " American "	200
1 Silver Dinner Service	100	5 Solitaire Diamond Finger Rings	500
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1000 Autograph Albums, $2 each	2,000	5 Raw Silk Parlor Suit Furnitures	1,000
1 Village Cart	200	1,460 Gold Finger Rings, Ladies' Breast Pins,	

Gents' Scarf Pins, Lockets, Fans and Chains, and 32,421 other presents, valued from 20 cents to $1, makes a grand aggregation of 100,000 presents, thus guaranteeing a present to each and every new subscriber who sends us 50 cents. All of the above presents will be awarded in a fair and impartial manner. Presents will be sent to any part of the United States or Canada. The 50 cents which you send us is the regular price for three months' subscription, and therefore we charge nothing for the present. Our profit will be in your future patronage and the increased rate we will get for our advertising space. Your Subscription Free. Get five of your friends to join you by getting up a club and showing it to them. Send us $2.50 and we will send you the ILLINOIS AGRICULTURIST for three months, and one numbered receipt for each of your subscribers, and one extra for your trouble. No postponement. Send ten subscribers with $5 and we will send you 12 subscriptions and thirteen receipts. FOR 60 DAYS ONLY!—This offer will hold good for sixty days only, as we shall limit the number of new subscriptions to 100,000, so we would advise all our friends to forward subscriptions at an early date, as in no case will they be received later than January 1, 1883. THE ILLINOIS AGRICULTURIST is the best and ablest edited paper in the country and already has a circulation of 20,000 copies, and only requires 80,000 more to get the desired number. It contains eight pages.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., DEC 3, 1884.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The most important subject referred to in the message of President Arthur is the treaty with Nicaragua for the construction of an interocean canal through the territory of that country by the Government of the United States. The details of this treaty are not given, and cannot now be discussed, but the idea looks a startling and pregnant departure from the policy hitherto pursued by our Government.

In addition to the commercial treaty negotiated with Spain, providing for reciprocal trade between the United States and the island of Cuba and Porto Rico, the President reports that a similar treaty has been concluded with the Dominican republic.

He recommends that the neutrality laws shall be amended so as to prohibit and punish acts against neutrality committed within this country and aimed against the peace of a friendly nation. The prompt and thorough treatment of this question, he says, intimately concerns the national honor.

He recommeds the immediate suspension of the coinage of silver dollars and of the issue of silver certificates; likewise the legal-tender notes for one and two dollars shall be withdrawn, and that the trade dollars shall be redeemed at a slight advance over the bullion value.

He also recommends the abolition of all excise taxes except those relating to distilled spirits. The burdens of the tariff, the President holds, should be reduced upon all wares which neither the United States nor other American States are fitted to produce. Reciprocal commercial treaties should be negotiated with all the countries of America and the adjacent islands until a complete customs union is formed; and this movement should be further strengthened by a monetary union of America.

He concurs in the opinion of Secretary McColloch that the American steamship marine should be encouraged by Government subsidies, either in the form of liberal payment for mail transportation or otherwise.

The restoration of the navy, to the high state of efficiency which formerly characterized it, is earnestly recommended.

The reduction of postage on drop letters to one cent, and the fixing of the unit of first-class postage at one ounce instead of one-half ounce, are also recommended.

No President has ever proposed more impoatant measures, and none has stated his ideas in a simpler and clearer style. The literary form of the message is rather scattering, however. But it has the merit of being short.

"PERMANENT."

There are medicines that give only temporary relief and then leave the sufferer worse off than before, especially in cases of dyspepsia. Remember this is not the way with Brown's Iron Bitters. See that Mr. J. M. Gaines, of Gaines, S. C., says about this prince of tonics, "My wife has been greatly benefited by it; she had been troubled with dyspepsia for years, and now I believe she is permanently cured." It also cures liver and kidney complaints.

OVER THE COFFIN OF THEIR BOY.

A Married Couple's Reconciliation After an Estrangement of Twenty Years.

Philadelphia, Dec. 1.—A pathetic story of the reconciliation of a man and wife after an estrangement of many years was made public here to-day. The reunion of the couple occurred over the body of their son, to whose funeral the father had been summoned without his wife's knowledge. Andrew Entrekin, of this city, was called to Albany through a telegram informing him of the death of his son, who had been killed by a railway train, and hastened to that city. Although aware that his wife, from whom he had long been separated, was living in Albany, he had made no inquiry about her. They resided in New York when the separation, growing out of jealousy on his part and supposed infidelity on the part of his wife, took place, the mother taking the son and the father the daughter.

This was about twenty years ago and during that period they had never met, although Mrs. Entrekin received regular remittances from her husband, but never accompanied by a line. After gazing at the pallid face of the corpse the father kissed the lips, and bending down, gave way to the grief he could not repress. Mrs. Entrekin stood supported by her friends, crying hysterically, and after kissing the face of the dead boy, sobbed aloud. As she raised her head her eyes met those of her husband. The mourners withdrew and the undertaker closed the door quietly. Instantly the wife rushed into her husband's arms; he met her advances in the same spirit and a reconciliation followed. Mrs. Entrekin accompanied her husband to this city after the funeral last evening.

Do not crucify the children by compelling them to take the horrible, nauseous compounds usually sold as worm medicines many of them are as worthless as they are obnoxious, but get a box of McDonald's Celebrated Worm Powders. Purely vegetable. So easy and pleasant to take that the children will never know that a medicine is being administered. You will in addition secure the very best vermifuge possible to produce. So sure we are in this that in all cases of failure to cause expulsion where worms exist we cheerfully agree to refund the purchase price. One box of McDonald's Worm Powders guaranteed equal to four bottles of any worm syrup.

Sold by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY, & Co., Philadelphia, Agents.
dec3

During a dance at Upton, Ky., a double murder was committed. Taylor Phillips and Rafe Howard, both colored, being the victims. Philips asked Howard to loan him 25 cents; which he refused. Angered, Howard began cutting at Phillips with a knife, killing him. Howard tried to escape, but was shot in the back by James Phillips, a cousin of Taylor Phillips, and died in a few minutes.

S. B. Durfey, mate of steamer Arizona, had his foot badly jammed. Thomas' Eclectric Oil cured it. Nothing equal to it for a quick pain reliever.

SCARED BY SPOOKS.

An item is going the rounds of the press about ghosts on the Central Pacific. About two years ago, at Monticello, a station on that road, a band of robbers attacked Wells-Fargo's express car, which was valiantly defended by Aaron Ross, a gigantic express messenger, known on all the railroad and stage lines. One of the robbers was killed dead sure, and it was said that another crawled off and died somewhere. All the surviving brigands were captured and are now doing State service at the Carson prison.

When the express car which the robbers attacked returned to Reno, on the way to Sacramento to be repaired, it was dubbed "Fort Ross." It looked as if it had an altercation with bullets and shots had gone through it in all other directions. When the car came back on the road it looked like new, but it was still the same old car. After a few days Ross noticed strange noises in it while he was making his run, altogether different from the ordinary rattle of a car. Packages of express matter danced about, occasionally giving him a hard-glove whack on the nose, while a box would waltz up behind and hoist him vigorously.

This continued for some weeks, when Ross became very nervous and fidgety. He would face the devil in material form, but he didn't understand spooks at all. Every time he passed Monticello, where the robber was killed, the lights would go out as soon as the conductor cried "All aboard," and by no effort of his could he light them until he arrived at the next station. During this time the car appeared filled with a lurid haze by which he could see that the two vapory forms were trying to open the express boxes and peek into packages. Once in a while he would blaze at them with his revolver, but it was wasting powder; the spooks went on with their work. While standing at his desk one night, the train going forty miles an hour, he was seized and thrown by invisible assailants, and though a giant in strength, he was tossed about the car like a feather in a gale.

Ross said the car would sometimes run for miles without touching the track, then it would come down with a smash that sent him to the floor. He would hear whistles for stations that were miles away, and frequently there would be a hubbub as if the whole train had jumped the track. At last this ghost business worked upon the old man so that he trembled when he boarded his car, and he became so nervous that he threw up a situation which had been obtained by years of faithful service and went to drive Wells-Fargo's delivery wagon at Ogden. He was really run out of a fine position by spooks.

MRS. BURNETT'S BOYS.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, the well-known authoress, is one of these exceptions, and her craze for the picturesque extends not only to her inanimate surroundings, but to her two boys. A lady who has recently paid Mrs. Burnett a long visit is the authority for the statement that they are very handsome boys. Their proud mother is quite aware of their beauty by keeping them dressed in the most becoming fashion. She taught them to pose in an artistic manner. If the bell rings and a visitor is announced, Mrs. Burnett turns to her sons and says: "Take your positions." Immediately the well-trained boys fall into the poses best suited to their dress and beauty. The older one will lean his elbow on the corner of the mantelpiece and rest his head upon his shapely hand, while the younger will stretch himself in a graceful attitude on the heavy fur rug in front of the fire. The visitor enters and cannot fail to be struck by the picturesque beauty of the scene and goes away, her mind full of admiration for her friend's children, and feels almost ashamed of the general roughness of her own boys at home, whom she is much more likely to find gliding down the banisters, sitting on the fence or playing ball than in poses which would gladden an artist's heart. Of course the attitudes given above are only those for winter use. For summer an entirely different set prevail, but they are all quite as effective, and, indeed, they are the pride of Mrs. Burnett's heart. What the result of this novel mode of education will be is a question which agitates many of the writer's friends, but they will soon have the opportunity of seeing, for who can lean an elbow on the mantelpiece cannot be so very small.

A PECULIAR HEBREW TRIBE.

Between Damascus and Jerusalem is a tribe of about three thousand Hebrews, which has been there probably since the beginning of the Christian Era. They have neither city nor town; they live in camps. The temple is represented by a more spacious tent. They have never admitted among them a person of different race or religion. Their ordinary language is Hebrew. In their relations with others they speak Arabian. These relations, however, are very few, for they have remained, like the primitive races, exclusively tillers of the soil and warriors. They cultivate the ground, armed from head to foot, always ready to defend their portion of earth, from which, with great difficulty, they derive a meagre sustenance. They live on little and are content to thus live in this sort of native country which they have occupied for centuries.

Ladies' Russian circulars, dolmans newmarkets and plush coats, in every conceivable shape, at the Bee Hive.

HENRY CLAY'S NOSE.

Henry Clay, when presented in February, 1852, with a large and elegantly executed medal by some of his New York friends, received it by reading a written address, and then, in a conversational manner, expressed a favorable opinion of the head, as giving his features with great truthfulness, but playfully remarked that he did not know before that his nose was quite so prominent; and then added, in allusion to the great intrinsic value of the medal from its material: "Who can tell but fifty or a hundred years hence some Goth may get hold of this and say the nose of this old dead fellow will serve to buy me a great many things that I want, and may carry it off? However, it is a capital likeness, I think. The artists," said Mr. Clay, "have not generally succeeded well in taking my features, but that has been in a great measure my own fault; for my face never retains long the same expression, and, especially when I am under any excitement, it changes every moment. John Randolph once paid me a high compliment, not intentionally, for he seldom complimented any man; but, without intending it, he paid me what I deem one of the highest compliments I ever received. He said that whenever a debate is coming on, if I can get a sight at Mr. Clay's face I can always tell which side he is going to take." Strange to say, the medal was soon afterwards stolen between Washington and New York from a lady to whose care it had been intrusted, and the original donors had a fac-simile made, at considerable expense.

HOW THE SWISS CAN DRINK SO MUCH.

Owing to the small proportion of moisture in mountain air and the low barometric pressure, evaporation is very rapid. Even after the heaviest rain the ground dries in a few hours. This quality of the air tends to make perspiration more profuse and the skin dry faster than is the case at lower elevations. There is greater thirst, the tissues waste faster, and a high authority has said that a man's tissue is the only thing which it is his duty to waste, new tissue being out of all comparison than old.

It is probably this rapid evaporation at great heights, and the thirst which it engenders, that the Swiss have to thank for their wonderful drinking powers. The other week the marksmen of Canton Vaud held their annual rifle meeting at Payerne, a picturesque village on the Broye, and the local papers mention with something like pride that the shooters and their friends drank the place dry. On Sunday, Aug. 10, which was the great day, they consumed 6,000 bottles of wine and 5,000 litres (4,400 quarts) of beer, the total consumption for three days being 10,000 bottles of the one and 7,300 litres of the other. Everybody who has been in the Highlands of Scotland or any other mountain land, and tried the experiment, knows that he can drink with impunity much more whiskey, or whatever the *vin de pays* may be, than he can drink at home. This, it may be as well to observe, is mentioned, as a dry fact, not as an additional reason for going to the mountains.

A CHINESE LAUNCH.

Says the Philadelphia *Press*: It is amusing to watch the ceremonies at the launching of a Chinese war vessel. It is always customary before a junk sails on any voyage to sacrifice a cock and sprinkle its blood on the bows of the vessel, amid much beating of gongs. But on this occasion a very especial blessing is invoked on the new undertaking, and the court at Pekin sends its Imperial Commissioner to offer sacrifice, as the representative of the Emperor. Two altars are, therefore, erected on board the new ship, one to the Goddess of the River, the other to the Goddess of Heaven. To the former are sacrificed two goats and two pigs, and to the latter, who has less to do with the shipping, only the heads of one pig and one goat. But quantities of joss paper, inscribed with prayers for good luck, are burned on each altar, and showers of prayers on gilt paper are thrown into the sea to propitiate the Sea Dragon. Then, amid deafening beating of gongs, firing of guns, shouting and general uproar, the vessel glides into the river.

FARMING IN UTAH.

Says the Denver *Republican*: Utah has now ten thousand small farms, averaging twenty-five acres, and the whole must be irrigated. There is but one large farm in the Territory, and that is owned by a company. The great Salt Lake, according to Elder Cannon, contains enough salt to supply America for centuries. All that is necessary in preparing it for market is to drive to the edge of the lake with a wagon, and a man with rubber boots on can load it with a shovel. The salt lies on the bottom of the lake in small, coarse crystals. After loading, it is taken to a grinding machine, and after being run through it is fit for the table.

He was willing—"Why don't you go to work?" said a charitable lady the other day to a tramp, before whom she had placed a nicely-cooked meal. "I would," replied the vagrants, "if I had the tools." "What sort of tools do you want?" asked his hostess. "A knife and fork."

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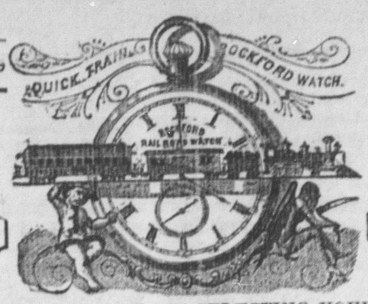

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Thomas' Eclectric Oil is the best thing going, pa says. Cured him of rheumatism and me of earache—two drops—Master Horace Brenizer, Clinton, Iowa.

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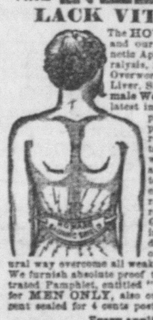

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THE END OF THE WORLD.

The age of the earth is placed by some at five hundred millions of years, and still others, of later time, among them the Duke of Argyll, places it at ten million years, knowing what processes it has gone through. Other planets go through the same process. The reason that other planets differ so much from the earth is that they are in a much earlier or later stage of existence.

The earth must become old. Newton surmised, although he could give no reason for it, that the earth would at one time lose at its water and become dry. Since then it has been found that Newton was correct. As the earth keeps cooling, it will become porous and cavities will be formed in the interior, which will take in the water. It is estimated this process is now in progress, so far that the water diminishes at the rate of about the thickness of a sheet of writing paper each year.

At this rate, in six million years the water will have sunk a mile, and in fifteen million years the water will have dissappeard from the face of the globe. The nitrogen and oxygen in the atmosphere are also diminishing all the time. It is in an inappreciable degree, but the time will come when the air will be so thin that no creatures we know can breathe it and live; the time will come when the world cannot support life. That will be the period old age, and then will come death.

AN ANECDOTE OF BOB INGERSOLL.

Says a correspondent of the Chicago *Mail:* President Clarke, of the Illinois Central Railroad, told me a good story about Bob Ingersoll that has not yet been in print. A long time ago it was, when many counties in the southern part of the State were under township organizations, and the supervisors sat as judges in certain cases. "Bob" was arguing a case before one of these tribunals, of which the judges were evidently more familiar with crops than law practice. He brought all his eloquence to bear on the point, that the case in question was a great injustice to his client, and should be "thrown out of court." Continually returning to that argument, he reached the climax with a burst that, as usual, carried everybody by storm, ending with the same appeal to "throw it out of court, sirs! out of court." It brought the judges up "all standing," and the presiding one slowly reached over, gathered up the papers in the case from the table in front of him, and as he gave them an energetic flip out of the window, turned to Ingersoll with a relieved smile and said: "Bob, she's out!"

NAKED SLAVES IN TIMBUCTOO.

A correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, writing of the slaves of Timbuctoo says: This girl was being brought in by the Morocco gate, on the road from the city of Morocco. She was nude, comely of face and figure, with large, dreamy, lovely eyes and streaming long black hair. Her color was of the Olivian type, which shows the red blood coursing in the veins. She was of medium height and aged about sixteen years. Four old Arab "dealers," garbed in all the glitter and tinsel of the Orient, guarded this girl as if she were an Amazon of strength and powers. One old Arab in a loud voice cried out her merits and nationality as they passed on to the centre of the town. Halting, the whole party were suddenly surrounded by intending buyers, both Christian and pagan. They came up to the crouching girl, pulled her arms to and fro, opened her mouth and looked at her teeth, made her stand erect, and then haggled over the price. "She is worth $100," say the Arab dealers in one simultaneous cry, "but will let her go for $90 if you take her now." Our dragoman translates and tells how she will go to Egypt and fetch $200 at a first bid.

MEN OF HIGH STANDING.

Chang, the Chinese giant, is by no means as tall as many celebrated giants of other nations. Chang is seven feet six inches in height. Patrick Cotter, the Irish giant, was eight feet seven and one-half inches. He died in 1802. Eleazer, the Jewish giant, mentioned by Josephus as living in the reign of Vitellius, was ten feet six inches in height. William Evans, porter to Charles I., was eight feet tall. He died in 1632. Goliath, whom David slew, was nine feet four inches in height. Loushkin, drum-major of the Russian Imperial Guards, was eight feet five inches in height. Maximinus, the Roman Emperor from 235 to 238 A. D., was eight feet six inches tall. John Middleton, who was born at Hale, in Lancashire, in the reign of James I., was nine feet six inches in height. His hand was seventeen inches long and eight and one-half inches broad. A human skeleton eight feet six inches in height is preserved in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin.

A little girl was told that she must not go to the currant bushes—that the currants would make her sick. She said that she did not mean to, but Satan tempted her. "Why didn't you pray: 'Get thee behind me, Satan?'" asked her mother. "I did," was the reply, "and he got right behind me and pushed me into the bushes."

Some remarkable cures in this vicinity of long continued and obstinate diseases are attributed to McDonald's Blood Purifier.

Scientific.

Among the last acts of the Hygienic Congress was a denunciation of the modern system of education and competitive examinations as eminently prejudicial to the health of those subjected to it.

A mixture of 70 parts of air and 30 parts of hydrogen gas ignites at a temperature between 1,026 to 1,028° Fahrenheit, while the ignition point of a mixture of coal gas and air in similar proportions varies from 1,202° to 1,215°.

A uranium mineral is found in the feldspar quarries near the seaport of Moss, on the Christiania Fjord, Norway. It contains nearly 81 per cent. of uranoso-uranic oxide, with 0.30 of the cerium earths and 2.42 of the yttrium earths.

Scientific works by Agassiz, Buchner, Huxley, Lubbock, Lewes, Moleschott, Reclus, Adam Smith, Spencer, Vogt, Zimmermann have been added to the list of those already prohibited by ukase from circulation by libraries in Russia.

Two ounces of soda dissolved in a quart of hot water will make a ready and useful solution for cleaning old painted work preparatory to repainting. This mixture, in the above proportions, should be applied when warm, and the woodwork afterward washed with water to remove all traces of the soda.

It is announced in the *Nature* that a grotto from 8 to 10 metres high has been discovered in a rock washed by the sea, in the Morbihan, by M. Gaillard. He has since continued his researches at low water, and found some human bones, ancient earthenware marked with allegorical figures, and coins believed to have been struck by the ancient Gauls.

Recently the dome of St. Peter's in Rome, was reclad at the expense to the Vatican of $40,000. The old sheathing required such continuous repairs that it was deemed better to replace it. The sheets of lead which now cover the dome weigh 708,610 pounds, and would extend over more than an acre and a half of land if they were spread out flat.

"Suppose," said an examiner to a student in engineering, "you had built an engine yourself, performed every part of the work without assistance, and knew that it was in complete order, but when put on the road the pump would not draw water, what would you do?" "I should look into the tank and ascertain if there was any water to draw," replied the student.

Experiments indicate that the effect of light upon plant tissues without chlorophyll, such as roots, rhyizome, blanched plants, and some parasitic plants, is to decrease the intensity of the respiration, more carbonic acid being given off and oxygen absorbed in darkness than in light. The amount of oxygen absorbed is, however, in the same proportion to the carbonic acid given off in light as in darkness.

Elastic rubber tubing, perfectly gastight and free from smell, has lately been invented. It is made of two layers of rubber, with pure soft tin-foil between them, and it retains the flexibility and elasticity of a simple rubber tube. It ought to be serviceable as a connection between a heating or illuminating gas supply pipe and a gas-burning apparatus which requires to be movable, if this sort of rubber and tin tubing can be manufactured of sufficient length.

In the course of his Cantor lectures on alloys used for coingage Mr. Chandler Roberts, chemist of the British Mint, said that a short cylinder was the geometrical form which, next to the sphere, presented the smallest surface for the greatest weight, and, consequently, in order to reduce the wear of coins to a minimum, their thickness should be equal to their diameter. Such a form would present many inconveniences; but, on the other hand, coins should not be made too thin, and much may be gained by even a small approach to theoretical requirements.

Casting of bronze statues of Buddha is carried on in Bangkok. The process, says a late official report, is of the kind known "en cire perdue," and the alloy used consists of copper and lead, sometimes with the admixture of a small quantity of zinc. A clay model is first made; upon this a coat of wax is molded, and over this again is put another layer of clay. The whole is then baked, the wax running off through apertures left for that purpose, and the central core being kept in its place by iron pegs, the alloy is then run into the space previously occupied by the wax.

To prevent the growth of moss or weeds on gravel walks it is recommended to sprinkle salt pretty freely on the paths, (about a pound to the square yard does for one year at least,) care being taken not to let the salt fall on the box borders or the edges of the grass. A damp but not a rainy day is the best for this operation. Some apply a boiling solution of salt (about a pound to the gallon of water) with a common watering pan, so that a pound of the salt will be received by every square yard of walk. A much weaker solution will serve the same purpose if it should be required again.

Artistic stamping, all the novelties in embroidering material, many choice presents, suitable for the holidays—Garmans.

A SCHOOL BOOK CASE.

Judge Rockafeller, of Northumberland county, last week, was in Bellefonte hearing arguments in several equity cases. Among them was one of P. F. Botdorf et al. vs. School Board of Ferguson twp. Judge Rockafeller filed an opinion in the case holding that the adoption of Raub's series of school books, before the election of teachers, and at a meeting without teachers, was invalid and of no effect. He continued the injunction restraining the board from introducing said series of books.

SHOT HIS MOTHER.

Woods Run, Pa., Dec. 1.—George Rankin while carelessly handling a gun yesterday accidentally shot and killed his aged mother. The young man, who did not know the gun was loaded, is frantic with grief.

The clergy, medical faculty and people all endorse Burdock Blood Bitters as the best system renovating, blood purifying tonic in the world. Send for testimonials.

An unknown man was robbed, and murdered by a gang of thieves forty miles west of Clarksville, Texas. The gang was overhauled yesterday by a posse of officers, thirty miles from the scene of the murder. A fight ensued and two of the gang were killed and another fatally wounded.

At Worcester, Mass., Levi W. Jackson, a confidence man, whose plan was to hire buildings, employ thirty or more mechanics for repairs, borrow $10 a piece from them and abscond, was sentenced yesterday to five years in the House of Correction.

Superior Excellence.

The reasons for PERUNA'S superior excellence in all diseases, and its *modus operandi*, are fully explained in Dr. Hartman's lecture, reported in his book on the "Ills of Life and How to Cure Them," from page 1 to page 10 though the whole book should be read and studied to get the full value of this *par excellent* remedy. These books can be had at all the drug stores gratis.

W. D. Williams, U. S. Pension Agent and Notary Public, New Vienna, Clinton County, Ohio, writes: "I take great pleasure in testifying to your medicines. I have used about one bottle and a half, and can say I am almost a new man. Have had the catarrh about twenty years. Before I knew what it was, had settled on the lungs and breast, but can now say I am almost well. Was in the army; could get no medicine there that would relieve me."

Col. E. Finger, Ashland, Ohio, writes: "I am happy to say I have used several bottles of your medicine called PERUNA, and my health has been greatly improved by it. I cheerfully recommend PERUNA to all who suffer with heart trouble, as being an invaluable medicine."

Rev. J. M. Ingling, Altamont, Ill., writes: "My father-in-law, who resides with me has been using your PERUNA for kidney disease, which has afflicted him for forty years and could get no relief until he saw your medicine. I induced him to try a bottle, which he did, and the one bottle of PERUNA and one bottle of MANALIN has given him more relief than all the other medicines he ever used."

Mr. Robert Grimes, Rendville, Ohio, writes: "My wife has been an intense sufferer from chronic catarrh, and after every other remedy had failed she commenced to use your PERUNA and MANALIN. They have helped my dear wife more than anything she has ever used. She has now taken two bottles, and is so much better that she will never quit its use until she is entirely well. It has wonderfully improved her sight. We think PERUNA and MANALIN will cure any disease."

R. Palmer, Pastor of the A. M. E. Church, No. 192 Canal Street, Wilkesbarre, Luzerne Co., Pa., writes: "Having used your PERUNA, and by experience became acquainted with its value, I write asking you to please send me five bottles of PERUNA and one of MANALIN by express and oblige, your humble servant."

Cook Bros., Prospect, Marion County, Ohio, writes: "We have a good trade on PERUNA; our customers speak well of it.

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A Complete Stock of
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OILS, OILS AND PAINTS, PAINTS,
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Spring St.,————Bellefonte, Pa.
——Electric Light.——
GOODS SHOWN AT NIGHT AS WELL AS DAY.

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To sell the patent "RAZOR BLADE SHEARS" and "IDEAL BUTTON-HOLE CUTTER." The only Shears in the world that the blades are fastened to handles by screws; can be sharpened or replaced with new blades when worn out. AGENTS CAN MAKE $12.00 PER DAY. Samples of three sizes of Shears and one pair Button-Hole Cutters sent to any address on receipt of $3.00.
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Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,
We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
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WELCOME HOME.
In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER
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THE PASTILLE
Prof. Harris' Radical Cure
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FOR Spermatorrhœa and Impotency OR ORGANIC WEAKNESS IN MEN
CIRCULAR Sent FREE

Read What a Patient says of it:
"The Pastilles I purchased from you in August prove to me most conclusively that "while there is life there is hope." They did their work far beyond my utmost expectations, for I certainly did not expect that a habit of FOURTEEN YEARS' DURATION could be completely gotten under control in the exceedingly short time of two months I can assure you that no false modesty will keep me from doing all that I can in adding to the success which will surely crown so beneficial a remedy."
Above extract from a letter dated—W. Va. Dec. 26, 1882
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One Month's treatment $3, two months $5, three months $7

FINEST AND BEST.
J. H. BYRNES,
SOLID HAVE A PAIR.
EVERY LADY, MISS & CHILD
MANUFACTURED BY

SIAMANG KID SHOES,
THE MOST DURABLE MADE.

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..... SHOES, ...
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Free TRIAL PACKAGE.
NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness and decay, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling skillful physicians, result from youthful indiscretions, too free indulgence, and over brain work. Do not temporize while such enemies lurk in your system. Avoid being imposed on by pretentious claims of other remedies for these troubles. Get our free circular and trial package and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with attention to business or cause pain or inconvenience. Founded on scientific medical principles. Growing in favor and reputation. Direct application to the seat of disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The animating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The patient becomes cheerful and gains strength rapidly.
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DR. HENRY BAXTER'S
MANDRAKE BITTERS
Will give immediate relief.
After constipation follows
Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Diseases of the Kidneys, Torpid Liver Rheumatism, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Apoplexy, Palpitations, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, etc., all of which these Bitters will speedily cure by removing the cause. Keep the Stomach, Bowels, and Digestive Organs in good working order, and perfect health will be the result. Ladies and others subject to Sick Headache will find relief and permanent cure by the use of these Bitters Being tonic and mildly purgative they
PURIFY THE BLOOD.
Price 25 cts. per bottle.
For sale by all dealers in medicine. Send address for pamphlet, free, giving full directions.
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OUR LEADER.
We offer an 8 to 10 H. P. Automatic, Spark-Arresting, Mounted Portable Engine, with Mill, 16 ft. carriage, 32 ft. track and ways, 2 simultaneous lever set head-blocks, 2½-inch arber, 3 changes feed: sawyer controls feed-lever and head-blocks from one position. 50-inch solid saw, 50 ft. 8-inch 4-ply belting, feed-belts, cant-hooks, swages, tightener, etc. Rig complete for operation, $3100 on cars. Engine on skids, $2100 less. Engines will burn slabs from the saw two to eight feet long and keep up steam. Send for catalogue 12.

E. W. PAYNE & SONS,
Manufacturers all styles Automatic Engines from 2 to 300 H. P. Shafting, pulleys, and hangers.
Elmira, N. Y., Box 1427.

HAPPIEST DAYS.

The clouds in many a windy rack
  Are sailing east and west,
And sober suns are bringing back
  The days I love the best.

The poet as he will, may go
  To summer's golden prime,
And set the roses in a row
  Along his fragrant rhyme,

But as for me. I sing the praise
  Of fading flowers and trees,
For to my mind the sweetest days
  Of all the year are these:

When stubbey hills and hazy skies
  Proclaim the harvest done,
And labor wipes his brow, and lies
  A dreaming in the sun—

And idly hangs the spider on
  Her broken silver stair,
And ghosts of thistles dead and gone,
  Slide slowly through the air—

Where all is still, unless, perhaps,
  The cricket makes ado,
Or when the dry-billed heron snaps
  Some brittle reed in two—

Or schoolboy tramples through the bars
  His tangled path to keep,
Or ripe mast, rustling downward stirs
  The shadows from their sleep.

Aye, he that wills it so may praise
  The lilies and the bees,
But as for me the sweetest days
  Of all the year are these.

TRUE TO HER PROMISE.

'Oh God! spare me, for this is more than I can bear!' and Claire Devere bowed her proud head, and sank, weeping, on her knees, at a low, easy chair in her exquisite boudoir.

For some time sobs shook her slender form, but gradually they subsided, and she remained quietly kneeling, her face, buried in her hands.

A half hour passed, and she was still in the same position, when the door opened, and a gentleman entered, and stood looking at the slender, bowed figure.

Claire had not noticed his entrance and for some minutes he stood without speaking, when he said, in a cold stern voice:

'Claire!'

The golden head was raised, the pure, proud, gray eyes met his with an appealing look; Claire Devere arose and stood before her husband

She was very beautiful, this slender, stately Claire, with wavy masses of golden brown hair falling in heavy curls to her waist, pure, pale face, with features as classical as a Grecian statue; large, gray eyes, liquid with smoothness, and shaded with sweeping lashes; a crimson mouth with an expression half proud, half tender, made up a face whose beauty men raved about, and had given up all other thoughts in the vain hope of winning.

And out of all her lovers she had chosen Grey Devere.

Some said that it was his immense wealth that won her, others, the position it would give her, for he was one of the leading men of the day. But the few that knew her said she married him for love, and they were right.

She loved him with a passionate love, akin to adoration, a love so fervent that even he himself never dreamed of its depth, and now she stood before him, her hands clasped tightly together, her face pale as death, raised to his.

She was the first to speak.

'Grey,' she said, and her low musical voice trembled, despite her effort to be calm. 'Will you not trust me, believe in me for a short time.'

'Trust you—believe in you?' he said, 'never, never!' you have disgraced me and my name, unsullied till you bore it, traitress; you are no longer wife of mine; we part to-pay, and forever.'

When he first began to speak, his wife's face had been one of sorrowful pleading, but as he continued, it changed; a crimson flush of indignation swept over her face, and her eyes met his with a questioning look.

'Do you hear me, he continued, do you hear me, madam?'

'I hear you' she answered, 'and I ask you, how dare you insult me in that manner?'

'Oh, injured innocence!' said her husband with a mocking smile.

Again the pale face crimsoned, but she made no answer.

'We part forever, to-day,' he continued. 'And I intend to sue for a divorce, Claire. Listen; I know all from your first meeting with your dark-haired lover till your last, and now you ask me to believe in you, to trust you still. Explain these meetings, and ask then.'

For answer the woman sank to the floor at his feet.

'Oh, Grey, my husband, believe me, I am true to you! See, I humble myself thus, and ask you to believe in my honor, in my—'

'This is useless, Claire, I cannot trust you; I believe you are false to me. I will never look on your face again, I ask you to give me some explanation of your conduct, and you refuse. What am I to believe? I have proof that you met this dark-eyed stranger time after time; you do not deny it yourself, and yet you ask me to believe in you, to trust you still!'

Claire drew her slender figure up to its height and said, proudly:

'It's better, then, as you say, that we should part, and at once. I will listen no longer to your insults, I will plead no longer for your trust. A day will come when you will know how you have wronged me. Leave me now, I can bear no more. Go!'

He tried to speak again, but she turned haughtily away, making a jesture toward the door.

Without a word, he turned and left the room, and his wife sank senseless on the floor.

Four years have passed away; how quickly to some, but how slowly to the tortured heart of Claire Devere.

After her separation from her husband she returned to the home of her childhood.

She had a small income of her own, and refused to take anything from her husband.

'I have plenty in my own right,' she said, 'I will go and live at Oakland Grange. I wish to die out of his life forever.'

She is standing now at the parlor window of the Grange, gazing sadly out at the green fields and meadows that stretched far away in the distance.

This had been her childhood's home; here she had grown in her youth and beauty, the idolized darling of her parents' hearts.

Her thoughts strayed back to that time, she thought of the day her loved mother died, how her proud city aunt had taken her home, of the excitement her wonderous beauty had caused in London, but most plainly of all stood out the day she first met Grey Devere. How handsome he was, with his proud, dark face and kingly bearing—how she had learned to love him, day by day—she thought of the bliss of her brief married life. How Grey had seemed to love her, until the dark shadow of suspicion had come between them, and then how he had turned from her.

She turned slowly from the window, and went over to a picture hanging above the mantel piece. It was the likeness of a beautiful dark-haired, dark-eyed woman.

'Oh, mother—mother!' she sobbed, 'have I not kept my promise?'

At this instant a servant entered with a letter. She took it off the salver, and opened it mechanically. It was a mere note, and was as follows:

'DEAR CLAIRE.—Come to me. My course is nearly run; I am dying; I cannot live longer than to-day; each minute I grow weaker. If you would see me alive come quickly. WILLIE.'

Three hours after Claire stood beside the bed of a dying man, her hands clasped in his, her tears falling on his face—a face that was strangely like the picture hanging above the mantel in the parlor of Oakland Grange.

The man was speaking:

'I knew you would never break your promise, Claire, and I have let you suffer for me. I was always weak, and though you have known the depths of crime in which I have been led, you love me still; for my mother's sake. But Claire, I have sent the truth, from beginning to end, to Grey Devere, and your honor and purity will be vindicated.

His voice was gradually growing weaker, and at last it sank into a whisper. He made a sign as if he had something more to say. Claire brought him a glass of wine, and held it to his lips. He took a few sips, and it revived him slightly.

'I have the marriage certificate, Claire,' he said. 'It—is under—under my pillow—Claire—sister—loves me. Mother. God have———' They were the last words; when Claire raised her lips from his he was dead.

Again she knelt and kissed his brow, then silently left the room.

After she reached home, she sat for some time with her hands folded idly before her, thinking of her wrecked life, and wondering if peace would ever be her's again.

Her eyes happened to rest on a paper lying on the table beside her, and mechanically she lifted it. The first words her eyes rested on were:

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—The marriage of Grey Devere, to EVA, second daughter of William M. Stewart.

Then followed a long description of the wedding. But what was that to the stricken heart, alone in its great agony?

'Too late—too late!' she moaned. 'Oh, Grey! my darling you are lost to me forever!'

When Claire's old nurse came up to seek her, she found her lying cold and senseless on the floor.

'My poor pet!' she said, loosening the paper that she still held in her hand.

She looked to see what had so affected Claire, and her eyes rested on the marriage notice, and she smiled.

'She thought it was her Grey,' she said: 'she cannot have read it through, and she forgot there was another Grey Devere, the youngest brother of her husband's father.

Grey Devere was alone. In his hand he held an open letter. His face grew white as he read it and suddenly it dropped from his nerveless grasp.

'Oh, God!' he moaned, 'Claire, Claire! my darling, my beautiful love, my love! how I have wronged you!'

We will, with the privilege of an author, lift the letter, and see what so affected him.

'To Grey Devere.—Sir: There is a long story to be told in this letter. Many years ago there lived a girl of eighteen. She was beautiful and of good family, and of course, had plenty of lovers, and among them a handsome ne'er-do well, called Captain Nernett. Well, the girl loved him, or thought she did, while her father was bitterly opposed to him; he had forbidden his daughter to speak or even to think of him. But this only tended to make the girl fonder of her handsome lover, and to come to the point at once, there was a secret marriage between them, and two months after the captain's regiment was ordered out west, and months after that, he was killed in a skirmish with Indians. The unfortunate woman had no proof of her marriage, she did not know even the name of the minister who married them, and when she was to become a mother she was in despair.

'In her sorrow she turned to her foster-mother for consolation. But I must shorten my story; let it suffice to say that, through her foster mother's advice, she kept her marriage still a secret, her child was born at her foster-mother's home and no one ever suspected the truth. Some years past and the girl married again, and one year after the second marriage a daughter was given to her.

'When the daughter was seventeen the lady died, but not before she had told her daughter the story of her first marriage, and made her promise to give all the assistance in her power to help her brother (for the child of her first marriage was a boy) in his endeavor to prove his right to his father's name, and also to swear that she would keep the affair a secret until they had proof of the secret marriage, and if proof was never found, to keep it hidden forever. She told the boy the story as well, and bound him to the same promise.

'The orphan girl learned to love her newly-found brother, partly for his own sake, but principally for their mother's.

'After a few years she marrried a gentleman, and for a time she was very happy.'

'Her brother was of a weak, timid nature, easily led into wrong, and so, instead of manfully setting his mind to prove his mother's marriage, or if that failed, to make himself honored and respected for his own sake, independent of the questions to whom or what he was, he became 'catspaw' for a trio of clever scoundrels.

'His sister still clung to him, even when he degraded himself beyond measure. She dare not meet him openly, and he unmanly coward, as well as everything else, constantly reminded her of her promise to her dead mother always to give him all the help in her power, and never to forsake him; besides, villain though he was, she loved him with a sister's holy love.

'At last her husband found out their meeting, and accused the fair young wife of infidelity. His jealous rage was dreadful; he cursed her for a traitress, and told her she might go to her dark-eyed lover. She could not deny her meetings with a man she did not know, and she refused to give an explanation. They parted, a divorce was granted, and the wife returned to her old home.

'The woman first spoken of, the wife of Captain Vernett, was Claire Douglass, my mother, and also the mother of your wife. I have the proofs of my mother's first marriage. I am the half-brother of Claire Everton, and I am the man she met and shielded. Go to her and all will be forgiven. This is written by one whose days are numbered, and I sign myself, for the last time, I fear, WILLIAM VERNETT.'

For almost an hour after reading the letter, Grey Devere sat with his face buried in his hands, murmuring the name of Claire.

He seemed to have lost the power of action, his thought was of the wrong he had done his darling.

'Can she ever forgive me?' was the cry of his heart.

It was long before Claire opened her eyes after she had sunk unconscious on the floor, after reading, as she believed, the announcement of her husband's marriage to another, and when she did, it was only to fix them with a wild stare of delirium on the faithful face bending over her, the face of her old nurse.

For weeks she lay tossing in brain fever, raging of Grey Devere and his second marriage. For years she had borne her agony without a sound, but the last shock had been too much, and the old doctor looked very grave when asked if there was any hope.

What Grey Devere suffered during all the weeks that Claire hovered between life and death, none but himself could tell.

'Spare her for me, oh God!' was his daily prayer, and at last it was answered, for one morning, the doctor, who had looked so grave before, turned to those around her, and said:

'Let us thank God she will live.'

The first face that Claire's eyes rested on, after reason returned to its throne, was Grey Devere's.

'My darling—my darling!' he said, falling on his knees beside the couch.

For a moment she looked at him, then memory swept over her, and a shudder shook her frame.

'Oh, God! I had forgotten,' she said, you are married again.'

'My darling!' he said, no other woman ever claimed a thought from me.'

'I saw—I saw ——'

'It was my uncle, Claire,' he said.

'Your uncle,' she repeated, and then she sank to sleep like, like a tired child, in his arms.

Three months after there was a quiet wedding in a little country church, and the bride had hair of golden brown, and eyes of the deepest gray, and her husband called her Claire.

In Seven Seconds.

"Gentlemen," he began in a smooth, molasses sort of a voice, "I am dead broke but no beggar. I want to raise about three dollars, but I shall do it in a legitimate manner. Now, then, let me ask you to inspect this."

He took from his pocket a piece of iron chain as large as his thumb and containing six links and passed it around. After it had been carefully inspected by each of the party he continued:

"I want to bet my overcoat, which is certainly worth $10, against $3 in cash that none of you can separate one link from the others."

The piece of chain was passed around again to be more closely scrutinized, and finally one of the party, who was a machinist, returned it with the remark:

"And I want to put up that sum against your overcoat that you can't do it yourself.

"'Done!" said the stranger as he pulled off his coat.

Coat and cash were put up in the hands of a stakeholder, and the stranger asked the group to follow him. He walked across the street and into a blacksmith's shop, and picked up a cold chisel he deliberately cut out a link. The crowd stood around like so many pumpins at a county fair, but when the stranger held up the link and claimed the stakes the machinist recovered his wits sufficiently to exclaim:

"Sold by a professional dead-beat! The money is yours, old fellow, but in exactly thirty seconds after you receive it I shall begin to kick, and you had better be twenty rods off!"

"'Thanks—glad to have met you—good day!" replied the stranger, and he was out of sight in seven seconds.

Bell of Justice.

It is a beautifnl story that in one of the old cities of Italy, the king caused a bell to be hung in a tower in one of the public squares, and called it the "Bell of Justice," and commanded that any one who had been wronged should go and ring the bell, and so call the magistrates of the city and ask to receive justice. And when, in the course of time the lower end of the bell rope rotted away, a wild vine was tied to it to lengthen it; and one day an old and starving horse, that had been abandoned by its owner and turned out to die, wandered into the tower, and, in trying to eat the vine, rang the bell. And the magistrate of the city, coming to see who rang the bell, found this old and starving horse. And he caused the owner of the horse, in whose service he had toiled and been worn out, to be summoned before him, and decreed, that as this poor horse had rung the "Bell of Justice," he should have justice, and that during the remainder of the horse's life his owner should provide for him proper food and drink and stable.

In the Far East.

The shops of Cairo, Egypt, line each side like a succession of moderate-sized cupboards, though they are some six feet wide. The floor of each is raised about three feet.

Upon this the merchant sits without his shoes, generally smoking his pipe, while all around, within easy reaching distance, are his shelves, where his goods can often be taken down without the trouble of rising. There are inscriptions over many of the shops, such as, "O, Allah! thou who openest our gates with profit!" or, "O, Allah! thou who helpest us in want!" or, "Aid from Allah and rapid victory!" and these are repeated by the shopkeeper as he takes down his shutters in the morning. The different trades each have their special districts.

One shoe bazar has nothing but red shoes, and another nothing but yellow ones, and you can see the people making them. The coppersmith's quarter is noisy with the hammering on kettles and in the narrowest alley you find the gold and silversmiths, with their odd-looking goat-skin bellows and their furnace and tools on the floor beside them. Here are men who will take your gold piece, and make you something while you sit and see them do it. As you pass on, you reach the sieve-makers, who have soaked their donkey skins cut in strips like carpet-rags, and are weaving them like our wire ones.

A little further on silk is woven in a queer, old-fashioned loom. Near by they are boring holes in pipes with a steel point turned by a machine that suggests a fiddle-stick, and which does the work in a flash.

Now you pass a man with four or five apprentices, mere children of eight years of age, on the floor beside him, who are at work sawing combs. You may see others dyeing wool, others selling goods in the piece, or a group of tailors at their sewing. A yankee could learn half a dozen trades in an afternoon, for there are no trade secrets there; everything is open for all to see, and all in the open air, as there are very few rainy days, and the mats above you keep off the hot sunshine. Once in a while a heavily-laden donkey or even a camel, comes along the narrow lane, and then there is a great scampering to get out of the way, and a climbing up into the cupboard-like shops; for there is no extra room in such a case, and the driver keeps calling, "Look out! take care of your toes!" till you feel that there is no time to lose.

The carpet bazar is not in one of the narrow ways, but around the court of an old building built by the Arabs long ago. As soon as a customer appears there, carpet after carpet is spread out till the whole place is covered with them, and bright with beautiful colors. Then if a purchase is to be made and bargaining to begin, coffee is brought in tiny cups. The buyer sips it, and offers less than the goods are worth; the merchant asks more than he expects to get and declares he is "giving it away;" and so they keep on until they come to terms, which may not be for hours.

But who would mind an extra hour spent in such a place, with those latticed windows above, where girls used to look down years ago, and perhaps are peeping out now, those arched nooks below, those doorways leading you know not where, while the network of ropes, with tattered bits of gray cloth spread on them only keeps out scraps of the vivid sunshine, and the very names of the places where the rugs are made give a dash of mystery to the whole thing. But the purchase is over, and you turn towards home once more, past the bookshelves, where you can buy the "Arabian Nights" in Arabic, and past the mosques, which are placed there as if to remind men not to forget God in their busiest hours.

Next, perhaps, you meet a man with a tray of candy, some of which looks like our yellow jack; another has sweet starch in bowls, and, as sweets make one thirsty, a water-carrier is smart enough to follow him.

Sometimes he bears a large stone jar with a long spout, supported on his back by a netting; or he may have a goat-skin full of water, held on his shoulder by a big strap; and, as he bends over with the weight of it, it is not a pretty sight, nor apt to make one thirsty. Each vender goes along clinking two brass cups together to attract attention. Having seen about all you remount your donkeys and merrily ride home.

Not Transferable.

Railway companies are not the only classes who resent the transference of agreements or interests. The feeling against such practices is very common, and yet how many people are slow to realize this, says the London *Globe*. "Not transferable" might be inscribed on many things beside season tickets. The wisest of fools, Wamba, in "Ivanhoe," never uttered a truer sentiment than when he remarked that "kind service cannot be chucked from hand to hand like a shuttlecock or a steel-ball," yet many good-natured persons are fond of attempting the feat. Offers of services or attentions made purely to themselves personally are by them cooly transferred to some outsider, whom the profferer of the kindness has no reason to desire to oblige. "My son cannot accept the appointment you offer, but I have promised it to a young friend, whom it will just suit"—"the child you undertook to vote for is elected, but I have filled in the polling paper for another most deserving case." Have not many of us experienced this kind of benevolent transference of our proffered favors, and resented it as much as do the railway directors the handling about of the tickets?

A far more common description of attempted transference is that of claiming a share in the fame of an illustrious relative solely upon the plea of kindred. History is full of examples of men who attempted to obtain wealth and consideration by this system. "I was the son of my father," or "the relative of the popular hero," has proved a valid reason for the transfer of such reflected glory. There is a story of an old Scotch sexton who possessed a guinea at a time when such coins were rare in Highland parishes. He used to exhibit the treasure as a curiosity on Sundays after the service, charging a bawbee for a peep. Hard times came, however, and the sexton was forced to spend his cherished coin. Next Sunday applicants came as usual to view it; but in vain. Suddenly a bright thought struck the old man. "Here, lads," he cried, "ye canna see the guinea, but ye shall see the purse that held it for a pinch of 'sneeshin'." Many names chronicled in history have been remembered rather after this fashion. They were not the guinea itself, but happened to be associated with it in regular estimation, and some consequent transference of fame took place.

Some great men have reserved this sharing of their dignity; others have readily agreed to it. To raise his family to fortunes almost equal to his own, and to transfer to them a portion of his own greatness was the constant attempt of the first Napoleon. "The one wise membar of the Bonaparte family," the old uncle who steadily refused to exchange his quiet existence as a parish priest in Corsica for any advancement offered by the Emperor, greatly enraged his illustrious relative by his refusals. On the the other hand exclamations akin to that of Wamba had been wrung from men who had climbed the hill of fame themselves, but were by no means prepared to drag their relations up after them. There is a story of a bishop, whose talents had raised him to the episcopal bench from the humblest walks of life, being sorely pestered by his brother to place him in a similar lofty position. "No, brother," said the wise prelate; "if your ox is dead I will buy you a new one; if your plow is broken I will pay for the mending; but a plowhuman I found you, and a plowman I'll leave you."

Personal qualities cannot be transferred; nature is more inexorable than even a railway company. A great man may force his relatives into positions similar to his own, and fancy that he has succeeded in transferring to them a portion of his own dignity; but the light is but reflected at the best. When Napoleon's star sank not one of the kingdoms he had created for his brothers long survived. Richard Cromwell succeeded to the protectorate of England in virtue of his kinship to the great man who revolutionized the country and climbed to royal dignity without assuming the title of king; but a few months sufficed to show that the transfer of Oliver's rank had not carried with it the transfer of Oliver's genius. Not all the training in the school of a great painter can illumine a dull pupil with the fire of a master's genius; not the most self-denying efforts on the part of possessors of honors and dignities, which are the just reward of their personal qualities, can avail to pass these away. "I can make a lord any day, but out of ten lords I cannot make one Holbein," cried Henry VIII, when a noble courtier came to him for redress against some alleged wrong which he had received at the hands of the great painter.

The mail-clad barons who professed to swear fealty over the tiny hand of the infant heir were often the first to conspire against him; and Nelson's legacy of "his adopted daughter" was not accepted with fervor by the country to which he bequeathed her. The most irritating kind of expected transfer is that practiced by many kindly souls, who require us to attach ourselves to persons most uncongeniously to us "for their sakes." George II carried this principle to its extremest limit when he wrote to his wife, recommending Lady Yarmouth to her good graces on the extraordinary plea, "You must love the Walmoden, for you know that she loves me!" But almost as incomprehensible is the free and generous manner in which many persons engage to bestow, not their own affections only, but also those of their friends on certain favored persons. "You will be sure to be delighted with so and so. I have told him that I know you will be quite fond of him," is a speech often uttered in various forms, and one nearly always resented, secretly, perhaps, but none the less deeply, by the listener. Does anyone ever feel an intense desire to be introduced to the people to whom we are thus bidden to transfer our attachments? Are we not inclined to rank them with that detested "model boy" who was our torment in childhood? Affection, as the poet truly remarks, must give itself unasked, unsought, and a feeling of friendly attachment can never be transferred at bidding. If kindly deeds are not to be checked like a shuttle-cock, kindly feelings are still less negotiable.

A Vigorous Old Canadian Farmer.

A remarkable feat of physical strength was performed recently by Mr. J. Blue, a pioneer farmer of Aldborough township, Canada. Mr. Blue is the oldest farmer in Elgin county, being in his ninetieth year. A short time ago he went into the field after one o'clock in the afternoon and bound 64 sheaves of wheat in a short time. The work did not fatigue him to any extent. He enjoys the best of health and is in full possession of his faculties. He is the father of Mr. Archibald Blue of the Bureau of Statistics.

Fortune befriends the bold.

Order is Heaven's first law.

Youth should be a saving's bank.

Industry prevents vice.

Betray no trust, divulge no secret.

There is only one stimulant that never fails, and yet never intoxicates—Duty. Duty puts a blue sky over every man—up in his heart, maybe—into which the sky-lark, happiness always goes singing.

Men are not to be judged by their looks, habits and appearances, but by the character of their lives and conversations, and by their works. 'Tis better that a man's words should praise him.

Liquid Steel.—A rolling mill has been devised for rolling molten iron or steel in a liquid state. According to this, the rolls are cast hollow, so as to receive a current of water which will maintain sufficiently low temperature, and the metal is to run from a hopper or distributor and fall between the rolls, becoming cooled on contract with them. The effect of this process, it is said, is to free the metal entirely from gases.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Pen and ink are the best witnesses.

Silence never yet betrayed any one.

Remorse is the echo of a lost virtue.

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread

Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.

A quiet conscience makes one so serene.

Conscience is man's most faithful friend.

The worst men often give the best advice.

A good smile is the sunshine of wisdom.

The really beautiful is always beyond.

Character is a perfectly educated will.

True refinement unites strength with purity.

The ambrosia of one generation is the daily bread of the next.

If the end and aim of life is to please, it must be at the expense of truth.

The saddest thing that can befall a soul is to lose faith in God and woman.

You may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around find joys on the other side.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

We are never made so ridiculous by the qualities we have, as by those we affect to have.

He who is the slowest in making a promise is the most faithful in the performance of it.

Never let your zeal outrun your charity. The former is but human, the latter is divine.

Open your mouth and purse cautiously, and your stock of wealth and reputation shall at least in repute be great.

The eye of the master will do more work than both of his hands. Not to oversee workmen is to leave your purse open.

The power of applying an attention, steady and undissipated, to a single object, is the sure mark of a superior mind.

Teach your children to say "How do you do?" or "Good morning" to everyone they meet with whom they are acquainted.

When you fret and fume at the petty ills of life, remember that the wheels which go around without creaking last the longest.

Any man may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of one's temperament.

The one doctrine in which all religion agree is, that new light is added to the minds in proportion as it uses that which it has.

To build up that strength of mind which apprehends and clings to great universal truths is the highest intellectual culture.

It is the bounty of nature that we live, but of philosophy that we live well; which is, in truth, a greater benefit than life itself.

Covetous ambition, thinking all too little of which presently it hath, supposeth itself to stand in need of all which it hath not.

Hard words are the hailstones in summer, beating down and destroying what they would nourish were they melted into drops.

One of the best rules in conversation is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had left unsaid.

Wouldst thou that thy flesh obey thy spirit? Then let thy spirit obey thy God. Thou must be governed, that thou mayest govern.

It is the greatest and first use of history to show us the sublime in morals, and tell us what great men have done in perilous seasons.

So long as thou art ignorant be not ashamed to learn. Ignorance is the greatest of all infirmities; and when justified, the chiefest of all follies.

In every relation of life we must bear and forbear; we must not expect perfection, and each party should carry the cloak of charity for the other.

There should be methinks, as little merit in loving a woman for her beauty as in loving a man for his prosperity; both being equally subject to change.

There is no man that is knowingly wicked but is guilty to himself; and there is no man that carries guilt about him but he receives a sting into his soul.

The water that has no taste is purest; the rain that has no odor is freshest; and of all the modifications of manner, the most generally pleasing is simplicity.

The foundation of every good government is the family. The best and most prosperous country is that which has the greatest number of happy fireSides.

Sorrow itself is not so hard to bear as the thought of sorrow coming. Airy ghosts that work no harm do terrify us more than men in steel with bloody purposes.

The child taught to believe any occurrence a good or evil omen, or any day of the week lucky, hath a wide inroad made upon the soundness of his understanding.

A cucumber is bitter throw it away. There are briars in the road; turn aside from them. This is enough. Do not add: and why were such things made in the world?

It is when our budding hopes are nipped beyond recovery by some rough wind that we are the most disposed to picture to ourselves what flowers they might have borne if they had flourished.

To tell our own secrets is generally folly: but that folly is without guilt; to communicate those with which we are intrusted is always treachery, and treachery for the most part combined with folly.

WATCH YOUR WORDS.

Keep a watch on your words, my darlings,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet like the bee's fresh honey;
Like the bees they have terrible stings.
They can bless, like the warm, glad sunshine,
And brighten a lonely life;
They can cut, in the strife of anger,
Like an open, two-edged knife.

Let them pass through the lips unchallenged,
If their errand is true and kind;
If they come to support the weary,
To comfort and help the blind;
If a bitter, revengeful spirit
Prompt the words, let them be unsaid;
They may flash through a brain like lightning,
Or fall on a heart like lead.

Keep them back, if they're cold and cruel,
Under bar, and lock, and seal;
The wounds they make, my darlings,
Are always slow to heal,
May peace guard your lives, and ever,
From the time of your early youth,
May the words that you daily utter
Be the words of beautiful truth.

THE PACK OF CARDS.

It was many years ago that I first journeyed down the valley of the Mississippi. The country was then wild and almost uninhabited, and one could travel for days without meeting a human being. It was solitary work, I assure you.

One evening as I was wondering where I should find an asylum for the night, I distinguished upon the ground, a short distance from the river's bank, the track of wheels, and saw a path which I followed and presently found myself among one of those primitive habitations called log houses.

Before the door of this house was seated an old man. Although he was about 80, he appeared strong and robust as a man of 50. With him lived his only son, a vigorous man of 40 years, his son's wife and a beautiful child of 12, whose face, like that of its mother, had an Oriental character.

Welcomed cordially by the old man, I entered the humble dwelling, but I was filled with amazement at the sight of the mistress of the house. Instead of the simple rustic woman whom I expected to see, I found myself face to face with a lady of singular beauty. Her black eyes and hair and dark complexion, all indicated, as I have said, an Oriental type. Her husband called her Rachel, and this name made me think at first that she might be of Jewish origin, but I was mistaken.

This Rayner family, so different from any I had ever met in all my wanderings, awakened in me a lively interest and gave me the idea that some strange event must have occurred in this little house.

After supper, as we were seated around the fire, I noticed a pack of cards nailed against a chimney. It was easy to see that before being placed there, they had been well worn by the hands of players. The smoke had blackened them, but the ace of hearts still shone brightly under the head of the nail which pierced it.

"You have there," I said suddenly, "a singular chimney ornament."

I smiled as I uttered the words. No one responded to the smile. On the contrary, I noticed upon my host's face a sudden expression of sadness. Mrs. Rayner arose and left the room. When she had gone her husband said to me:

'Yes, what you see there is singular; I will explain it to you after evening prayers."

A moment afterward the young woman returned, holding in her hand the family Bible which she placed upon a table before her husband's father. He took it and opened to the page where he had stopped in his reading the evening before. He read a few verses and then offered a fervent prayer.

When these devotional services were ended, Mrs Rayner bade us good-night and withdrew with her child. The old man also retired, and I remained alone with his son, who of his own accord, again alluded to the remark I had made about the cards.

'Young man," he said to me; "to that pack of cards is connected a history which I believe I ought to relate to one who like yourself, is just commencing life. It is to me a grave reminder and a solemn warning, as solemn, I dare to say it, as the Holy Book from which my father has just read.

"Twelve years ago this strange adventure happened to me. My father and I were living in this house. We made but little money, but we spent still less, so we were comfortable and happy. We had nothing to trouble or worry us.

Twelve years ago, then one hot day in August, I was seated in the shade of a tree half asleep. Suddenly I was awakened by a cry of distress. I leaped upon my horse, and hastened in the direction whence the cry came. At the distance of 100 feet I saw a stranger bending over the body of his horse, which had been bitten by an enormous serpent. I approached the wounded animal, and made an incision in its leg, and then ran to get some salt and rubbed it into the wound with my hand, but it was too late, the poison had done its work, and the poor creature soon ceased to live.

Then I examined the stranger who had watched my operations in silence. He was a little old man with a pale, careworn face. Age or fatigue had bent his body, but had not extinguished the flame of his black eyes which shone with an extraordinary lustre. He was elegantly dressed. From his velvet waistcoat hung a massive gold chain.

"I am truly sorry for your misfortune," I said to him.

"Bah!" he replied, tranquilly, "it is an accident that can soon be remedied. You have a good horse, and I hope you will sell it to me."

At these words I gazed at him in surprise; then I turned and looked at my horse. I had no idea of parting with him, but where is the American who, when he finds an opportunity, refuses a good bargain, I considered, too, that we had two horses in the stable, and that a certain sum of money would be very useful to us just at that time, as it would enable us to improve our farm. I said to the stranger:

"It is a suberb animal."

"I see it is," he replied, "so I am willing to pay well for it."

"How much will you?"

"Name your own price."

"One hundred and seventy dollars."

"Very well you shall have them.

As he spoke, he counted out the pieces of gold.

"There my good fellow" he said, placing the money in my hands, "I think that perhaps you never saw so much gold in your entire life.

"No; never."

"May this sum contribute to your happiness. You have an honest face. Your horse has no concealed defect?"

"No. He is perfectly sonnd." Then I added: "But I must confess to you that I have been too exacting. I ought not to have asked more than $150 for Rainbow."

"And that troubles your conscience, You are a good boy, But I will give you a chance to appease your scruples."

At these words he took from his pocket a pack of cards, the same cards that you see nailed upon the chimney.

"We will play, he said, throwing the $10 gold pieces upon the gronnd, for the $20 which disturb you.

Mechanically I placed two similar pieces by the side of his. I obeyed his invitation, knowing that I was doing wrong, but he exercised over me an irresistible fascination.

"What will yer play?" he asked, and he named twenty games of which I never even heard.

"You do not know any game?" he said, in surprise.

I named one with which I sometimes innocently amused myself with my father.

"Ah! Why did I not think of that before? So be it. Cut!"

I cut the cards.

Then we began to play, and his eyes became more and more brilliant, so brilliant that I did not dare look at them. As the game progressed he asked numerous questions about my family, our situation and manner of living.

After I had answered him frankly he said to me:

"You are a fine fellow; let us see if you are also lucky at play."

Fortune favored me. I won. But I did not wish to take my winnings.

"Come!" he continued, throwing four gold eagles before him; "give me my revenge." I obeyed with an eagerness which I could not conceal.

Again I gained, and again he doubled the stakes. I had then $80. I felt the blood rushing to my face, and, with a trembling hand, I took up the cards, one after another, without looking at them. I won again.

The unknown took his purse from his pocket and emptied it, with a smile, upon the ground.

"No, no!" I cried; "keep your money, and let me return to my house."

"Bah!" he replied, "you are a brave fellow and as lucky as brave. Why should you not be my heir? It is much better that my gold should go into your hands than into another's."

I tried to resist him, but I had not the force of mind. I played at random; I could not even count the points.

"All that is yours," he said, pushing the pile of money toward me.

"No," I cried a second time; "no, I will not take that money!"

"And why not if you please?"

"Because it is not right, because I do not deserve it."

"Really! Take it, it is yours."

"No!" I repeated firmly, and I arose to depart.

"Wait," he said, "you are indeed a fine fellow. I cannot, in spite of your obstinacy, retake what I have fairly lost; but you can give me a chance to win it back. I will play against this sum the horse you sold me."

"All right," I replied.

At that moment the old man seemed to me to be a generous individual, but afflicted with a monomania, and I felt for him a sentiment of pity.

"You have really extraordinary luck," he said to me; "but you deserve it, for you are a fine fellow. I do not see why you should not be my heir."

A moment later while shuffling the cards, he said:

"So you are not married?"

"No."

"But you doubtless have some sweetheart. How old are you? Twenty-five, I suppose."

"Yes. But I have no sweetheart. This country is hardly inhabited, and I do not know a girl whom I should wish to marry."

"I hope however, that you are not too exacting."

"No, I do not think so. But it seems to me that one ought to feel a decided preference for the woman he wished to marry, and I have never felt anything of the sort."

"I see that you are not easy to captivate, but I do not blame you. However, there are some women.

He stopped suddenly at these words.

"There are some women," he continued in a moment.

This time again he did not finish his sentence.

"Now, Rayner," he cried good-humoredly, "play your best. Your Rainbow may still be yours. But I warn you my play is not to be despised. What do you do?"

"I play————"

"Very well. Play."

"I laid down the ace of hearts, the same which is there upon the chimney."

"Decided!" exclaimed the old man, "you are a lucky man; both the money and the horse are yours.

"Thanks!" said I to him as I arose. "But that is not what I want. I do not know why I have played so long with you, except that I did not wish to be disobliging. Now that we have finished take your money and leave me Rainbow, or if you want the horse, leave me $150, which is a fair price for him. As for the rest I will not touch it."

"You are a fine fellow," replied the old man, "but don't talk nonsense. Know that among men a gaming debt is sacred. He who loses must pay, and he who wins must receive. There is your money, and the horse is yours. But I am not through with you yet. I like you, and the chances are I shall make you my heir. I hope you will not refuse to give me my revenge."

"Certainly not."

"My purse is empty, but I have a ring and a diamond worth more than all I have lost. Only, I must confess to you, I have not those objects with me. I give you my word as a gentleman, and you may be sure I am not deceiving you."

I accepted his proposition willingly.

He took from his pocket a scrap of paper, upon which he wrote: "Good for a ring and a diamond pin worth $700."

I believed as I read these lines that he was mad, and I was confirmed in this when he added:

"That is not all, my dear Rayner. If you win my jewels you will win at the same time a wife."

At these words I burst out laughing.

"Do not laugh," he cried, "I am perfectly serious. I was never more so. You want a wife, do you not?"

"Yes, if I could find one who pleased me—"

"You are a fine fellow. You deserve a good wife, and I will give you one."

"Very well. But will she please me?"

"I hope so. She has all the qualities necessary to inspire love. She is gentle, sensible, intelligent, educated. Oh, nothing has been spared in Rachel's education?"

"She is called Rachel?"

"Yes."

"And her family name?"

"You shall know it if you win my diamonds."

The luck which I had still stuck to me. I won the diamonds, and with the diamonds, Rachel.

"Marvelous!" he said. "I am entirely satisfied with you; all is yours. I only beg you to lend me your horse that I may go and get your wife."

"This horse is at your service," I replied, "as well as the greater part of the money. I shall feel uneasy, if I take a dollar more than the price that I asked for Rainbow."

Then I took $150 from the pile of money, and left the rest.

"You are my heir," he replied; "but as my purse is now empty, I will take what I really need."

While he bent over the money, I turned my head away. Before I made another movement, he had mounted the horse, and departed at a gallop. All that he had lost lay before me, except $10.

I gathered up what he had left, and returned to my house, in a state of extreme perplexity.

On re-entering our dwelling, I told my father that I had sold Rainbow, and gave him the $150. I did not dare to relate to him the details of my adventure. I concealed the balance of my money, with the intention of returning it to the stranger, if I ever saw him again.

For the rest of the week I was very busily occupied, and had almost forgotten the old man, when one morning I heard the sound of horses' feet. I looked up and saw the stranger approaching. He was mounted upon Rainbow, and behind him came a woman seated upon a beautiful horse.

"Ah! my boy," cried the old man, "I bring my ward of whom I spoke."

The girl raised her veil, and I beheld one of the lovliest faces I had ever gazed upon.

"Mr. Rayner," said the old man, addressing my father, "may I hope that you will give my ward a room for the night? My name is Eckardt; my ward, who is the daughter of one of my dearest friends, is called Rachel Herder."

"We have only a poor home," replied my father, "but such as it is, it is at your service."

After dinner Eckhardt took me to walk with him, leaving his ward with my father.

"Well," he said, "what do you think of the wife I have destined for you?"

"She is very beautiful, but there are other qualities which I desire to find in the woman I marry."

"How long a time do you wish to decide?"

"I do not know."

"Eight days—ten days? Well, I will give you ten days."

"But are you speaking seriously?"

"Seriously! Do you doubt it? However, your question is not natural. Listen to me. This young girl was confided to me by a dear friend. I desire to find for this child a protector—a brave man in whom I can trust. I believe you to be such a man. I judge and act promptly; you please me and I have chosen you for Rachel's husband. She knows nothing of my projects: she shall remain with you a week, and I am convinced that in that time you will be perfectly contented with each other."

At the end of a week I was dead in love with Rachel, and I had reason to believe that she reciprocated my love.

"Rayner," said the old man to me, "you are an honest fellow. Suppose you go and fetch a priest. What do you say? Your father told me there was one not far from me. You can bring him before night and can be married this evening. I shall have to leave you to-morrow."

I could not object to such a proposition. In the twinkling of an eye my horse was harnessed, and that same evening I became Rachel's husband.

The next morning, as soon as his breakfast was over, Eckhardt arose, put on his overcoat, and said to Rachel:

"My child I must leave you. I do not know when I shall see you again. I have fulfilled the promise I made your father. You are the wife of an honest man, and I am sure you will make an excellent wife. Kiss me, my child; kiss me. It is perhaps for the last time."

"No, no!" she said, in a trembling voice; "do not speak so!"

And, in the excess of her emotion, she fainted. Eckhardt raised her in his arms, and bore her to the bed; then he said to me:

"It is nothing serious; she will soon recover. I am going to take advantage of it to escape. As soon as she recovers come and join me. You will find me at the place where we played."

In a few moments I went to join him as he had requested. I expected to find him prepared for a long journey, but to my astonishment there was neither horse nor valise.

"Where is your horse?" I asked.

"I have none. You know I lost Rainbow."

"And do you think," I cried, "can you for a moment suppose—

"Silence, Rayner, you are a good boy, Rainbow is yours, you are a good boy; whether your luck at play or my generosity, it matters not. Did I not tell you I was going to make you my heir?"

"But," I continued, "let me hope that you do not still think of leaving us?"

"I am decided. I must."

"And how are you going to travel? By water?"

"Perhaps," he replied, with a strange smile. Then, after a moment's silence, he added:

"There is more than one way getting out of the world, and that is the journey I propose to make. Life is an uncertain thing. Little as it is worth, most men wish to prolong it indefinitely. I, on the contrary, have had enough of it, and I renounce it. All my arrangements are made, and, as I have told you, you will be my heir."

"In the name of Heaven, I cried, "do not speak thus."

"Rayner," he replied tranquilly, "you are a good fellow. Do not interrupt me. I have but a short time to talk to you. Presently you can talk all you please; I shall not interrupt you. Do you understand?"

"I understand that you mean to take your life."

"That is true. But you say it as mournfully as if I were going to take yours."

"I am profoundly afflicted by your despair. May I ask the cause?"

It would be a long story. I will dispense with relating it to you. Suffice it to know that I am weary of existence. Every moment it is prolonged humiliates and degrades me. I have possessed three princely fortunes but now I have not a cent. I was known as a brilliant and talented man, but I had not the force of character to avoid bad company. Oh! if I were the only victim of my error! But that poor child, that gentle Rachel, who was confided to me by her dying father, she had been a victim also. I have dissipated her money as well as my own. Now that she is your wife I feel no uneasiness on her account. I believe I have found an honest husband for her, in you. Now my work is ended. One word more: You see these cards with which we played? They are the instruments of my desiruction. Take them Rayner: keep them before your eyes; show them to your children as a warning. Let them learn from my fate to shun gambling, to flee from it as a mortal danger. Now farewell; leave me."

As he spoke he walked toward the river. I followed him and supplicated him to renounce his fatal resolution. When we reached the bank he turned to me and said, in a commanding tone:

"Go and rejoin your wife."

"No!" I cried.

"Ah! We will see."

And he drew a pistol from his pocket, cocked it and pointed it at me.

I drew back mechanically.

"Rayner," he said, "you are a good fellow, but you shall not prevent me taking my last journey."

He threw the pistol which was not loaded, upon the bank and then leaped into the river. I sprang after him and tried to save him, but he was borne away by the rapid current, and I could not reach him.

That is the history of the cards nailed upon the chimney. Rachel cannot see them without a bitter pang. She thought, however, that it was best to leave them there as a warning to our son. I have tried to make her happy, my dear Rachel, and I believe I have succeeded.

Thus ended Rayner's story.

A Venerable Voter.

A writer says at the late election at Montrose, Pa., Luther Catlin, a venerable and worthy citizen, a native of Litchfield county, Conn., who came to Susquehanna county in 1812, who was 100 years old some ten days ago, and has resided for some years past with a son two and one half miles from this place, was brought here to cast his ninetenth Presidential vote in thh Court House this forenoon, a large number of citizens of both parties going out in carriages to escort him, with a band of music, to the polls. He was accompanied by the following descendants, who with him constitute four generations of the family: Luther Catlin, aged 100 years; Lulius S. Catlin, a son, aged 75 years; Henry N. Catlin, grandson, aged 23 years; Charles Keeler, great-grandson, aged 21 years. All together voted for Blaine and Logan and the Republican local ticket.

After voting he was conducted into an adjacent room, and being seated received the enthusiastic greetings of hundreds of all ages, who thronged the room, eager to take him by the hand, after which a photographic artist came and took his portrait. I, who am now 80 years of age, and was one of the escorting party, can vouch for the correctness of this account for him, having intimately known him ever since he came from Connecticnt and became a near neighbor of my father's when I was but 8 years old. He was a cousin of Putnam Catlin, Esq., a prominent early settler here from Litchfield county, who was the father of the celebrated artist; portrait painter and historian of the Indians of North America.

A Russian Stove.

The Russian stove is made of fire-resisting porcelain, is always ornamental, and frequently a highly artistic, handsome article of furniture. Internally it is divided by thick fire-clay walls into several upright chambers of flues, usually six in number. Some dry firewood is lighted in a suitable fireplace, and is supplied with only sufficient air to effect combustion, all of which enters below and passes through the flue. The productions of combustion being thus diluted with unnecessary cold air, are very highly heated, and in this state pass up and down through the different compartments. At the end of this long journey they have given up most of their heat to the 24 heat-absorbing surfaces of the fireclay walls. Then all communication with the chimney is cut off, the fire is put out, having done its work, and the interior of the stove has bottled up its caloric ready for emission into the room, and, passing through the non-conducting walls of the stove, is radiated into the apartments.

Crural neuralgia is said to be somewhat frequent among dentists, owing to the position they have to assume during their work.

Burros and Canoes.

Blifkins has been spending the past summer in the Southwest, but returned to Detroit to vote. On the evening of his arrival an informal reception was held in Schneider's little back room. The guest of the occasion had been dilating at considerable length upon the sights he had seen on his trip, and the dangers he had encountered and survived, and particularly his first and only attempt to ride a burro; an attempt that terminated in about thirty seconds and confined him to the house for a week. He concluded with the declaration that if he was going to California he would walk every step of the way in preference to trying to ride a burro there

"Oh, shucks! It's easy 'nough to ride any long-eared hoss that ever bucked. Just you wait till you've mounted a birchbark canoe, Blif, and you'll walk when you want to go to Windsor."

The assertion came from Bill Matson, who was slowly but surely groping his way towards the bottom of a bootleg of beer.

"You're talking about something that you don't know nothing about, Bill."

"No, I ain't, Blif. As the married schoolma'am said when she reached down for her slipper to spank her own youngun, I've had 'sperunce."

"You don't mean to tell me that any downeast Yankee like you ever navigated a birchbark canoe, do you Bill?"

"I didn't say I had, Blif."

"What are you talking about, then?"

"But I tried it once, jest as you tried to ride the donk; and I got off quicker'n you did."

"Tell us about it, Bill!" shouted the reception committee, and one of them motioned to Schneider that Bills schooner should make another voyage to the keg.

"When I was a boy, down in New York, there wa'nt a chap in our diggin's that I couldn't throw in a wrastle, lick at rough-and-tumble, out-holler, or do up in any fashion. I brought that consait with me to Michigan, but it had a bad chill afore I'd been here a week and died inside a month. The funeral occurred jest about the time I tried to git acquainted with a canoe.

"It was up to the Soo. I'd been there two or three days a-watchin' them pesky Injuns come a-whoopin' in with their loads of fish, standin' up in their canoes and a-splurgin' away with a long tailed paddle, fust on one side and then on t'other, and I jest thought as how I'd buy me a canoe and show the varmints how a white man's back looked when he was a-rowin.'

"I paid a tarnal redskin $15 for his canoe, pulled off my coat, stepped in, picked up the paddle, and gave a sweep on one side jest kerzackly as the Injun did. You needn't never ask me how it happened, boys, for I don't know. I thought the durned thing turned over and sunk, but when I come to the top and climbed up on the dock, there was that pesky canoe settin' right there on the water lookin' right at me, as innercent as a sheep, and not a drop of wain it.

"Ugh!' grunted a big strappin' Injun, 'white man catch fish like otter!'

"And then the pesky rascals commenced a-laffin' as if 'twas funny. In the somewhat exciting incidents of the next ten minutes I was quite busily engaged. When the excitement was over a couple of us was purty near used up, and that consait I'd brought all the way from York State was deader'n a mallet, I hain't been half as smart sence as I was afore."

Draw His Pay.

"What is this man doing here?"

"Why he's the Paving Inspector."

"Of what use is he?"

"Well—um. He gets $3 a day."

"For what?"

"To inspect."

"What does he inspect?"

"Nobody knows. When the contractor on the excavation begins work the Paving Inspector appears. He looks over the street and nods his head. He walks up and down and thinks of his $3 a day. He sits around on the curbstones and shakes his head in the most solemn manner.

"But if he failed to show up?"

"Oh, that would make no difference. What the contractor doesn't know the inspector can't teach him. Sometimes they are not even personally acquainted, and nobody ever heard of an inspector giving any orders on the job."

"Doesn't he throw out suggestions?"

"Very rarely. He sometimes suggests that it is a very cold day, or that a glass of beer would just touch the spot, but further than that he never goes. Some folks think the excavator might dig right down to China if the inspector was not at hand, buf that is a delusion."

"And when the excavating is finished?"

"Then the excavator packs up and leaves, but the inspector sticks the closer. He is there when the sand is drawn in. He may know sand from blue clay, but is not required to. He may know the paver, but he has nothing to say to him. When the blocks come he may pick up one now and then turn it over and over to see whether it be walnut or cedar, and then lay it down with a trembling sight, but that's all. When the blocks are all laid he remains to see the hot tar poured on and the gravel spread out. He knows hot tar from mineral paint, and he knows gravel from clover seed, but his knowledge is thrown away. When the street is opened for traffic he certifies to that effect, and his tremendous mental and physical labors are concluded—except to draw his pap.

—Queen Victoria has an allowance of $1,925,000 for household expenses.

According to *Knowledge* there is a sulphur deposit at Djemsa, Suez, in a perfectly rainless desert on the African coast, very near the sea, and constituting a hill 600 feet high, whose sides are blasted down as in quarrying stone. Some 200 Arabs, employed under French engineers, succeed in mining 10 tons a day. A similar deposit occurs at Ronga, 400 miles from Suez, also near the coast of the African continent, which differs only in being buried under other strata.

Dungeon Life.

There is or was lately a Polish lady, the Countess of K——, living in Paris. She wears a very singular brooch. It is encircled by twenty precious stones, on a ground of dark-blue enamel, covered in the centre by glass. And what does this brooch contain? A portrait or a lock of hair? No, only four common pins, bent together in the form of a star! And she wears that in memory of her husband, a Polish nobleman, who was put into prison because he was thought to be a secret enemy to the government. It was a dark, deep dungeon, far down under the ground. He had no one to speak to, for no one was allowed to see him but the keeper of the prison, and he of course was not permitted to converse with his prisoner. Days, weeks, months passed on, and he was still left in his dungeon. He was most miserable, and feared that he should lose his senses, for his reason seemed to be giving way. Oh, if he had only some hope—some one thing to relieve his misery! Feeling all over his coat one day, he found four pins, and he actually wept for joy, yet what could four pins be to him? He took them from his coat and threw them down on the floor of his dungeon, and then he went down on his hands and knees and felt all over the floor till he found them again. When he had succeeded in this, he scattered them again on the floor, and could you have gone into his dungeon you would have found him groping on his hands and knees for his four pins. When, after six years' imprisonment, he was set free, they still found him groping in the dark for his four pins. It was all his work. Nor would he leave his prison without taking his pins with him. They were his best friends, because they had given him something to do in his solitude and confinement, and his countess had them made into a brooch, which she had valued more than gold. They had preserved her husband's reason.

The following is one of the most affecting records in existence. It is from Count Gonfalonieri's account of his imprisonment in the fortress of Spielberg, above the town of Brunn in Moravia, for a political offence in the reign of the Emperor Francis of Austria, who died in 1835. He was an Italian, and had conspired to disposses the Austrians at Milan: "I am an old man now, but by fifteen years my soul is younger than my body! Fifteen years I existed, (for I did not live, it was not life), in the self-same dungeon, ten feet square. During six years I had a companion; during nine I was alone! I never rightly distinguished the face of him who shared my captivity in the eternal twilight of our cell. The first year we talked incessantly together. We related our past lives, our joys forever gone, over and over again. The next we communicated to each other our thoughts and ideas on all subjects. The third year we had no ideas to communicate—we were beginning to lose the power of reflection.

The fourth, at the interval of a month or so, we would open our lips to ask each other if it were indeed possible that the world went on as gay and bustling as when we formed a portion of mankind. The fifth we were silent. The sixth he was taken away—I never knew where—to execution, or liberty—but I was glad he was gone; even solitude were better than that dim, vacant face. After that I was alone. Only one event broke in upon my nine years' misery. One day—it must have been a year or two after my companion left me—the dungeon door was opened and a voice, from whom proceeding I know not, uttered these words: 'By order of his Imperial Majesty, I intimate to you that your wife died a year ago." They but flung this great agony in upon me and left me alone with it."

The companion for six years with Count Gonfalonieri was a Frenchman, Count Andryane, who has since published some memories of his own life ("Memoires d'un Prisonnier d'Etat, par Count Alexander Andryane.) He mentions that Count Gonfalonieri was liberated at the emperor's death in 1835 and sent to the United States, from whence he returned to Austria. There, broken down by sorrow and suffering, he wandered about a few years, and died at Urain, December, 1846. Count Andryane adds the touching incident that for a time Count Gonfalonieri was allowed to receive letters from his wife, and when she was dying she wrote several letters, dating them at different periods, that he might, when delivered, think she was still alive. This tender, loving kindness was, however, cruelly frustrated by the sudden information of her death so brutally conveyed by order of the emperor.

Purchasing Power of a Dollar.

Facts show that in 1860 $1 would buy 26 pounds of wheat flour, in 1881 it would buy 20 pounds. In 1860 $1 would buy 33 pounds of rye flour; in 1881 it would buy 22 pounds. In 1860 $1 would buy 9 pounds of roast beef; in 1881 it would buy 6 pounds. In 1860 $1 would buy 14 pounds of mutton; in 1881 it would buy 9 pounds. In 1860 $1 would buy 9 pounds of salt pork; in 1881 it would buy 8 pounds. In 1860 $1 would buy 5 pounds of good butter; in 1881 it would buy 3 pounds. In 1860 $1 would buy 1¾ bushels of potatoes; in 1881 it would buy less than a bushel. In 1860 $1 would buy 312 pounds of coal; in 1881 it would buy 225 pounds. In 1860 $1 would buy 6¾ days rent for 4 rooms; in 1881 it would buy 2½ days rent. In 1860 $1 would buy 2½ days board; in 1881 it would buy 1½ days board In 1860 $1 would buy 12 pounds of soap; in 1881 it would buy 15 pounds. In 1860 $1 would buy 9 yards of prints; in 1881 it would buy 13 yards.

Rev. William Cowell Brown of Sheffield who was the inventor of an ingenious device for saving life at sea, which he called the Nautilus, is dead. It consisted of a chemical preparation inserted into one's clothes as a part of the lining without changing the appearance of the garment or sensibly increasing the weight. If the wearer fell into the water the lining became inflated to such an extent as to sustain the body and keep the head above the surface.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte,* 1884.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Solve the great puzzle at the Bee Hive.

——Grenoble is on a fair way to make things buzz out at our station.

Choice candy, nuts and fruits for the holidays—Valentines Store Co., Lim.

——The crop of applicants for the Bellefonte post-office is said to be large.

If you want to save money on bed blankets and haps, go to the Bee Hive.

——We are told Msj. Fisher, of Penn Hall, intends refitting his mill at Farmer's Mills with improved machinery.

——A quarter of good beef will be taken by us on subscription.

—— Pork, dressed, sells at 5½ to 6 cts. per pound.

Fancy cups and saucers, Majolica and queensware, selling cheap—Valentines Store Co., Lim.

——The Philipsburg *Journal* last week had the "pinks."

——A local in our last week's issue was accidentally knocked into a sad mix as we went to press. The transposition of words was not noticed by us until the paper was worked off.

——Finest candies and nuts, especially for the holiday season, have received at Sechler's grocery. stock is not surpassed by any exclusive confectionery store in the county. Candies all pure, and of the finest grades.

——A. C. Mingle's shoe store has run, because it has the best goods a lowest prices. New boots and shoes for the holidays.

——Houses are scarce here—no doubt a dozen or more could find renters between this and spring. Lots can be had at reasonable figures in the direction of the railroad, and with houses erected on them the investment would undoubtedly pay.

——Saturday last it rained all day, and we judge that wells and springs will show good effects from it.

——A man by name of Kife, from Hecla, killed two bears in Green's valley, north of Centre Hall, about a week ago.

——Headquarters for clothing, boots and shoes—J. D. Long, Spring Mills.

——The barn belonging to Sam'l Woodside's heirs, near Peru Mills, Juniata Co., was burned on Monday of last week. The fire originated from sparks from the engine used in threshing.

All handkerchiefs bought of us during December will be stamped free of charge —Garmans. 3

Finest display of holiday goods ever shown in Centre county, now opened at the Bee Hive.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—A 2-story dwelling house and lot, nearly new, corner lot, with good stable, fruit and water, on Church street, for sale. Apply at this office. 3dec3m

All handkerchiefs bought at the Bee Hive, one price stores, until January 1. stamped fee of charge.

——Well, that's clever—a Snyder Co. Nimrod writes he will express to the REPORTER the next wild turkey he shoots. Hope he'll see a big gobbler and take sure aim.

Large assortment of holiday goods at low prices; call and be convinced—Valentines Store Co., Lim.

——We should be pleased to know the present whereabouts of H. W. Minnich, whose REPORTER was sent for a number of years, in good faith, to Hardy, Nicholls Co., Nebraska, which place he left. 3t

——A musical convention will be held at Pine Grove Mills, in the M. E church, commencing the first Monday after Christmas and closing Friday night following, with a grand concert. All under direction of Prof J. A. Weaver. Proceeds for the benefit of M. E. church.

Fur caps, muffs, capes—Garmans. 10

——There were no less than ten hunting parties in the Seven Mountains, in and around Booney's shanty last week. Part fared well, others badly and some *worse.* One party composed of Middleburg and Centreville hunters, got one deer and lost four dogs and had a horse die for them. The horse belonged to Samuel Knouse, of Musser Valley. A half a dozen other parties didn't get anything, while a party of six from Kratzerville, of which our friend Frank Harman was one, got four deer and a bear. John and Samuel Hassinger, who were back of Hartleton, in Stony Gap, with a Union county party, returned Saturday with three deer, while a party from Centre county, under the guidance of ex-Sheriff Wm. Musser, of Millheim, took six deer and one bear out of Treaster and Hevise Valley two weeks ago. There seems to be plenty of deer and bear but the luck is apparently against our fellows.—Middleburg, *Post,* 4th.

——R. F. Brown, Esq., and Walter Frick are busily engaged in getting up a nice plot of the town of Centre Hall, through which the railroad now runs. The plot isn't far from being square, and the railroad enters at one corner, curves through the centre, and passes out at the further corner.—Lewisburg *Chronicle.*

If you want a good agricultural paper, "The American Farmer," one year for nothing, you can have it by paying the REPORTER one year in advance and sending a new advance paying name to which we will also send the "American Farmer" one year free.

All dry goods purchasers presented with a paper pattern—Valentines Store Co., Lim.

——The ladies of the Aaronsburg Reformed Mite Society will hold a musical convention in the Ref. church at Aaronsburg, commencing January 6, ending with two conerts, Friday and Saturday evenings, proceeds for the furnishing of new church. Prof. J. A. Weaver will be conductor, and other musicians are expected. Ticket for entire session, 50 cts.; family ticket, $1; concert ticket, 25 cts.; ticket for one session, 10 cts. The public are most cordially invited to aid the worthy cause by their presence and influence.

If you want the two papers, the REPORTER and the "New York Weekly World." for one year at $2.50, you can have the two by sending us the $2.50 in advance and a new name with $2.50, to which the two papers will also be sent. This is a big bargain, and we are only able to carry it out upon the above plan. tf

Any one can learn to embroider in an artistic manner with schenille and arasene; instructions given free to those who buy their material of us—Garmans.

——Willis Rishel, of near Centre Hill, lost one of his horses. It got loose in the stable, a few nights ago, and had a leg broken from a kick of another horse and had to be shot.

——Our black silks at $1.50, $1.75, $2 and $2 25 are guaranteed not to crack or wear shiny—Bee Hive.

——Wm. Fry, son of Jonas A. Fry, formerly of Haines, has been appointed ticket agent on L. & T. railroad at Lewisburg. He held a position in the Sunbury freight office for a number of years, and by his efficiency has been promoted.

——George Miller, of Madisonburg, killed three porkers which weighed 1200 lbs. Mr. D. Roush, of same place, shot a wild turkey that weighed 45 lbs.

——Geo. R. Barrett, who was admitted to the Centre county bar a few years ago, and well known as an active young Democrat in our county at that time, died at Pittsburg, a few days ago. Sorry for George, hope he has gone to a happier world.

Low prices and good goods in great demand. You cannot do better than at Valentines Store Co., Lim., Bellefonte.

——Yony From, Perry Krise and two other hunters, brought four deer from the Clearfield woods last week.

——Simon Ruble had the kindness to remember us by the present of a nice young gobbler. Simon can only be good.

——How many will look at their newspaper label and remit amount due on REPORTER before January 1? To any one doing this and sending at the same time a new cash name for one year, and his own cash one year in advance, we will give to each the "American Farmer" free one year. The "Farmer" costs $1 per year, and is a first-rate agricultural paper. This gives the two papers for the price of the REPORTER.

—Another improvement has been staked off at the station and work begun on it. I. J. Grenoble will erect a building for store and dwelling 70x35 feet. Mr. Bartholmew, we understand, will occupy it when finished for store and dwelling.

——Mr. Camp has purchased the house, lot and shop, belonging to John Hoffer, at the lower end of town, and will erect additional buildings for dwelling and furniture shops in the spring.

— Tuesday night and Monday were very stormy, the wind being cold and raw.

——Grenoble's grain house is completed.

——Our black silk at 76cts, $1, $1.10 $1.25 are 40 per cent under value. Greatest bargain at Bee Hive.

Have you seen the 75c and $1 horse blankets at the Bee Hive?

Plush, felt, cotton and wool canvas; burlaps, arasene, chenille, filling, embroidery, knitting silk, plush balls, etc. —Garmans. 3

$500 REWARD.—The undersigned offers a reward of $500 to any one who will bring evidence within a reasonable time to convict any party or parties that set fire to the mill of the undersigned, or that the books of the undersigned were not burned and were seen in the hands of any one after the fire.

26novlm SIMON RUBLE.

BOB-SLEDS, on hand and for sale cheaper than elsewhere, made of best material, same also made to order on short notice, at the shops of J. B. Ream & Son, Farmers Mills. 22oct2m

Your tooth is too sound to be extracted, yet you cannot endure the agony it is inflicting. Your only recourse is a bottle of Zingari Toothache Drops. Relief certain, and costs only 15 cents. Sold at Murrays.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
3dec2 Philadelphia Agents.

Stamping at low rates—Garmans. 3

Ladies Plush garments made to order at the Bee Hive.

——Received nice assortment of Holiday goods at bottom prices—J. D. Long, Spring Mills.

Call to see our bargains in velvets—Garmans. 10

AN UNDERSTANDING.

Any one who lacks a good "understanding," now that the slippery, icy season is coming on, will be likely to fall, and fall often. The best "understanding," and one that will keep your feet warm, can be had at Powers & Son's boot and shoe store, for men, women and children. Shoes lined for keeping the feet warm and dry. Boots that are water proof, boots for plowmen, boots for boys, shoes of all styles, high and low in size, for ladies—in fact, any thing to insure you a cheap, comfortable "understanding" with a good sole, can be had at Powers & Son's. They have their store chuck full, and can suit any want, as their assortment embraces all in the line of boots and shoes in the market. Only go and see for yourslves, and you will know how to secure a good "understanding."

If you want a good Truss go to the Centre Hall drug store.

Misses' and children's coats, 2 to 16 years, from $1½ up at the Bee Hive.

A RAILROAD TRAIN RANSACKED BY BANDITS.

Little Rock, Dec. 7.—At half-past ten o'clock last night a passenger train on the Little Rock, Mississippi and Texas Railroad, coming this way, when three miles below Little Rock, was stopped by five masked robbers, who switched the train, took complete possession and went through all the passengers. Conductor Rice and Express Manager Honeycutt were in the baggage car. The robbers opened fire as they went toward the engine, and both men were covered by revolvers. There were about 75 people in the cars and great excitement followed. All were ordered to hold up their hands and the robbers then went to work. They broke open the express safe, and, according to reports, got $2,000, and besides obtaining from passengers in watches, jewelry and money $4,000 more. No indignities were offered passengers, and the robbers disappeared after enforcing a promise from the passengers not to leave the train for ten minutes. A strong posse, headed by detectives, are in pursuit.

A later dispatch says: Bloodhounds early this morning were put on the trail of the robbers and followed straight into the city. Before noon, Joseph Cook, T. C. Jones, John Clifford, Chas. Campbell, and a boy named Parker, six in all, had been arrested. Jones will probably be released. Three of those arrested have been identified as among the robbers. The State has offered $1,000 for the capture of the robbers, to which the railroad company has added a like sum.

Our stamping department is a success in every particular—Garmans. 10

Instructions given in arasene and chenille embroidering—Garmans. 10

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Dec. 8, 1884.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn		36¾	—47
Wheat	"	71½	—78½
Oats	"	23¾	— 34
Pork	"	11.05	
Lard	"	6.65	

SAMUEL WHITE, JR., Com'n Broker,
31 South Third Street.

LOCK HAVEN MARKET.

New potatoes, 40c; butter, 25c to 30c; young chickens, per pair, 50c; beans, per peck, 20c; eggs, 28c; beef, 8 to 10c; veal, 7 to 9c; fish, per pound, 12c; onions, per bu., 50c; cabbage, per head, 5c; apple butter, per qt., 15c; bacon, 12c; lard, 13c.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$ 75
White & Mixed	75
Rye	55
Corn, shelled, and ears old	70
Oats	30
Buckwheat	50
Barley	50
Clover seed	5 50
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 50

Butter, 22; tallow, 6; lard, 9; ham, 16; shoulde 10; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 24 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 2.75; Chestnut, 4.5; Stove, 5.00 Egg. 4.75.

Our stamping department is overrun with work, reason why: first-class work at very low prices—Garmans. 10

MAKE THE CHILDREN HAPPY!

A FINE AND COSTLY DOLL, large and pretty as a real baby, to be chanced for, between now and New Years, at Cedars, Bellefonte.

.....o.....

Cedars, Bellefonte, have just unpacked the finest Toys for boys and girls ever brought to Bellefonte. If you want something to please the little ones during the holidays, go to Cedars for it, by all means.

.....o.....

CONFECTIONERIES for the Holidays, of all grades, from the finest to the lowest, qualities, the sweetest and largest lot ever brought to this county, at Cedars, Bellefonte.

.....o.....

NUTS of all kinds and from every land, for the Holidays, at Cedars, Bellefonte.

.....o.....

GO TO CEDARS if you want to buy a nice Christmas gift, in the line of Toys, Fine Candies, Nuts—they have an immense stock for the Holidays, and it will pay just to call and see the pretty and good things they have.

.....o.....

DO YOU want to take a chance in a drawing, for the prettiest DOLL you ever saw? go to Cedars, 25 cts. a chance.

CHRISTMAS ITEMS

A fine selection of silk handkerchiefs and gent's neck-wear, for the holidays, at Guggenheimers.

.....o.....

An immense stock of the best styles youths' and boys' caps, at Guggenheimers.

.....o.....

Buffalo and wolf robes, lap robes, and horse blankets of all grades, at Guggenheimers.

.....o.....

A large stock of flanel shirts, at Guggenheimers.

.....o.....

Hides of all kinds wanted at Guggenheimers, and highest market price in Cash paid for same.

.....o.....

Guggenheimers is the only exclusive leather store in Centre county. 3d'c.tf

ALL HANDS LOST.

London, Dec. 8.—Terrific weather has prevailed on the coast and reports of marine disasters are coming in. The steamer Pochard Sound, from Cork to Liverpool, foundered in a gale of Holyhead. All on board, believing to have numbered 30, were drowned. A steamer supposed to have been the Alliance, of Cardiff, also foundered, with all hands, in the Bristol channel, off the town of Boscastle.

EXECUTION OF CANADA'S BLIND MURDERER.

Owen Sound, Ont., December 5.—Cook Teets, the blind man convicted of murdering his wife by administering poison to her a year ago, was hanged here this morning. Since the sentence a month ago he conducted himself with great composure and manifested the greatest indifference as to the horrible crime and the terrible end that awaits him. Last night, as the dreaded moment approached, he occupied the time leisurely talking and chatting with visitors. Whenever the subject of the murder was adverted to he would declare in the most emphatic manner that he was innocent of the charge. Yesterday, in the presence of the clergy and others, he made a long statement in writing, reviewing the whole case and denying the evidence against him.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

Nc. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

26dartf

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE. IN EFFCT NOV. 17, 1884. Daily Except Sunday.

Leave Westward.

	1 A.M.	3 A.M.	5 A.M.	7 P.M.	9 P.M.
Montandon	5.50	9.20	10.20	1.45	5.55
Lewisburg, ar.	6.00	9.30	10.35	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25		10.35	2.15	
Fair Ground	7.30		10.40	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		10.51	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		11.00	2.36	
Mifflinburg	8.00ar.		11.20	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			1ε3.00	
Milmont	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton	8.33			3.40	
Coburn	9.48			5.00	
Rising Spring	10.15			5.30	
Centre Hall	10.39				
Linden Hall	11.00 arrive				
Oak Hall	11.10 arrive				

Leave Eastward.

	2 A.M.	4 A.M.	6	8	10 P.M.
Oak Hall					1.00
Linden Hall					1.08
Centre Hall					1.28
Rising Spring		5.50			1.56
Coburn		6.18			2.20
Laurelton		7.39			3.40
Milmont		7.40			3.52
Mifflinburg ar.		8.00	A.M.	P.M.	4.18
Mifflinburg, lv.		8.00		12.10	4.13
Vicksburg		8.15		12.26	4.28
Biehl		8.20		12.34	4.34
Fair Ground		8.30		12.45	4.45
Lewisburg, ar. A.M		8.35		12.50	4.50
Lewisburg, lv. 5.25		8.55	10.00	1.05	5.25
Montandon ar. 5.40		ar. 9.10	ar. 10.10	ar. 1.20	ar. 5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

CHAS. F PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Ag't.

Fancy groceries for the holidays—Valentines Store Co., Lim.

HOW TO GET WELL.—How to keep well and be strong and vigorous are questions of vital importance. This is answered and convincing proofs furnished in an Illustrated Pamphlet concerning the Howard Galvanic Shield, which gives soothing, strengthening currents of Electricity and Magnetism. It can be worn by any one, night or day, at work or rest, and overcomes weakness or disease without drugging the stomach. Pamphlet sent free unsealed. Sealed 4 cents postage. Address, AMERICAN GALVANIC CO., No. 1103 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 22apr8m

Headquarters for embroidery material —Garmans. 3

LOST.—A 1½ year old bull, with white under the belly has been missing since June. The finder will be suitably rewarded by reporting to undersigned. JOHN GUISER, Hublersburg. 3t

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat-market having arefrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

14may tf HENRY BOOZER.

DIED.

Near Tusseyrille, Dec. 3, Michael Ulrich, aged 81 years, 4 months, 29 days.

After a long service in the Lutheran church in the cause of religion, the Lord was very gentle with this aged servant in his sickness. No pains made his declining days burdensome. He quietly sunk away and rests in heaven. Father Ulrich was childless, having never raised any children of his own. His widow mourns his loss, but she is a mourner of hope. F.

On Nov 29, near Woodward, Hannah Madina, daughter of the late Thomas Hosterman, aged 25 years, 4 months, 22 days.

On Nov. 29, at Millheim, Mary R., infant daughter of W. J. and Annie Springer, aged 1 year, 19 days.

On Nov. 27, at Green Grove, Penn twp., Mr. Wm. Smith, aged 54 years, 8 months, 17 days.

Near Bellefonte, Dec. 1, Jacob Fishburn, aged 85 years.

ESTRAY.—Came to the premises of the undersigned, on or about Oct. 1, a brindle heifer about two years old, with nick cut out of left ear. The owner is requested to prove property, pay costs and remove the same. WM. LOSE,
3dec3t Gregg twp.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the Orphan's Court of Centre County, in the matter of the estate of Hugh Laurrimore, deceased:

The undersigned, an auditor appointed to hear and pass upon the exceptions filed to the account of the Administrators of Hugh Laurrimore, dec'd, and make distribution to and among those legally entitled thereto, hereby gives notice that he will be in his office at Bellefonte, Friday, Dec. 19, 1884, at 10 a. m., when and where all in interest may attend. ELLIS L. ORVIS, Auditor.
3dec td

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at public sale on the premises, in Potter township, on SATURDAY, DEC. 13, 1884, the following valuable property of the late Rob't Lee:

All that certain plantation and tract of land situated in Potter twp., 2 miles west of Potters Mills and 3½ miles from Centre Hall railroad station, on Lewisburg & Tyrone R. R., bounded on the north by lands of Geo. Reiber, on the east by lands of Wm. Boal, on south by Wm. Boal and J. Y. Glassgo, and on the west by lands of R. Lee, Jas. Glassgo and others, containing 119 acres and 114 perches, thereon erected a good 2-story frame dwelling house, good, large bank barn, and all needed outbuildings, with good orchard, an excellent well and running water.

ALSO, at the same time and place, all that certain tract now occupied by Jacob Lee, bounded as follows: On the north by John Mersinger, east by Rob't Lee, south by R. Lee and Jas. Glassgo, west by J. Allison and D. Horner, containing 71 acres and 75 perches, net. Thereon a weather boarded, 2-story log house, and a new bank barn, and all necessary outbuildings.

ALSO a tract of timber land, belonging to the last named, containing 11 acres and 153 perches, bounded by lands of Wm. Colyer, R. Lee's estate, and by mountain and David Young.

Terms—⅓ cash on confirmation of sale; balance in two annual payments, secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

WM. J. THOMPSON,
Adm'r of Rob't Lee, Potters Mills.

THE GAMES OF SAVAGES.

We must look for considerable simplicity in the games of savages. We must also allow for their want of mechanical skill. No outsider, not even Mr. Gale, knows how a cricket ball is stuffed and sewed; some, at least, of the processes are a trade mystery. The savage cannot produce a cricket ball, a golf ball, a billiard ball; his equipment is thus scanty, and he has to do the best in his power with the rude materials and means at his command. Yet we must not despise the games of savages. Little studied as they have been by the anthropologist (for even Mr. Tylor has chiefly written about a primitive form of backgammon and about tsigan, or polo, alone,) the games of savages deserve to be examined with respect. The arrangement of such vague things as savage games is not very easy. They may, perpaps, be classed as imitative, gambling, and purely sportive, though the three divisions naturally overlap and run into each other. The first category may be dismissed briefly enough. Of savage as of civilized children it may be said that "their whole vocation is endless imitation." A wedding or a funeral among their elders is copied by the little ones in childish play. The Esquiman children "build little snow huts, which they light up with scraps of lampwick begged from their mothers." Australian children have their tiny boomerangs and light yet dangerous boys' spears, the latter being made of a long read tipped with a sharp piece of hard, heavy wood. Australian children are regularly taught by the old men to wield their little weapons, and the late Mr. Grimston, at Harrow, has his Australian counterpart in the aged Murri, who sets up the mark for the children and teaches them how to direct their missiles. A disk made of bark is thrown hard down on the ground, and, as it bounds along with irregular leaps, the young blacks cast at it with their spears. "Obedience, steadiness, fair play, and self-command were inculcated by the practices witnessed" in the playing fields of the bush. The imitative games of young savages, then, are like those of other young people, only varying in the things imitated. Among games we can scarcely reckon the dances of the adults, in which the manners and customs of beasts are imitated. These dances have usually a religious sense, (as when the Athenian girls mimicked the bear in the worship of Artemis,) or they are magical ceremonies, intended to secure luck in the chase.

A MILLIONAIRE'S MARRIAGE.

There were three romances in the life of the late Joshua Sears, the millionaire grocer of Boston. The first was when he was a very poor young man. He started a flirtation with a wealthy beauty on a railroad train, called on her afterwards and finally found that his suit was poor and she was rich. The second was when he was past middle age and very rich. He became engaged to a dashing young widow. One of her friends asked her: "What are you going to be married to that old fellow for?" "For his money, of course," said she. Sears heard of this. "For my money, eh?" he cried; "not by a—blessed sight." He went to his lawyer, and was told she would have a good case in a breach-of-promise suit. He didn't want a lawsuit, so he handed a confidential friend $10,000 and told him to go and see the widow and "fix things up;" which was done, she accepting the bribe and giving him his freedom. The third was when he was an old man. He found himself enormously rich, but thought: "When I am gone, as I soon shall be, who will enjoy it all?" So he went to his friend, Alpheus Hardy, and said I'm thinking of getting married. What do yo you think about it?" Hardy thought he knew a lady who would just suit. "Well, then, Hardy, you go and arrange it." So Hardy conducted the negotiations and Sears was accepted. On his wedding morn the bashful bridegroom called Hardy aside and said; "Hardy, I don't know anything about this ceremony, and you do. So I want you to stick close to my side and coach me, so that I won't make any thundering mistake." Hardy did so, and all went well.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN FINLAND.

Since postal savings banks were opened in Sweden and Norway last autumn, the demand for similar institutions has been growing more urgent in Finland, and after due inquiries and careful consideration the Finnish Senate has decided to establish postal savings banks after the English system in all parts of the Grand Duchy. There is no doubt that to the poor Finn, who earns a scant living by hard manual larbor, it will be a boon to put by a small sum in a place where it is perfectly safe, but even more than the men, the women have cause to rejoice at the decision of the Senate, for the law establishing the banks indirectly establishes one of the urgently needed of woman's rights. According to the law of Finland no woman has hitherto been allowed to acquire any property without the authorization of her husband. This law will in the present case be annulled, and a woman will be at liberty to make use of the postal savings banks without the permission of her lord and master.

Stamping at half regular rates—Garmans. 3

Bargains in linens—Garmans. 10

In the senate on Monday a letter was read from General Grant by Mr. Mitchell relative to the bill introduced to give him a pension. Gen. Grant in the letter said that he hoped that the bill would be withdrawn, as under no circumstances could he accept a pension even if the bill passed both houses and were approved by the president. Mr. Mitchell withdrew the bill.

MONEY CAN BE MADE

by any man or woman, girl or boy, who will organize clubs for THE WEEKLY WORLD. The great farm and home newspaper is complete in all its departments.

Agents paid **In Cash.** For 100 subscribers, at $1 each, $25 will be paid; for 50 subscribers, $12; for 25 subscribers, $6; for 15 subscribers, $3; for 10 subscribers, $2; for 5 subscribers, $1.

Agents wanted in every town and village. Circulars and sample copies free. Send for them.

THE WORLD is the Banner Democratic Newspaper of the Union. Every Democrat should read it.

Daily, $6; Semi-Weekly, $2; Sunday, $1.50; Weekly, $1 per year. TRY IT!

THE WORLD, 31 Park Row, N. Y.

An old subscriber of the REPORTER, clubbing with a new name, and sending us $5 in advance, will each get the REPORTER and the "Weekly World" 1 year.

"Lapeer, Mich., Feb. 2, '81.—I am in receipt of your circular. I keep a good supply of your Downs' Elixir (all the sizes,) believing it to be the best Cough Remedies put up. I also keep Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, and Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment.

U. D. BRISTOL, Druggist."

The above named remedies are all warranted to give satisfaction, and can be found in any first class drug store.

THE SOUTHERN PLAGUE.

A Terrible State of Affairs in Parts of Virginia and Kentucky.

Louisville, Ky., Dec. 7.—A "Courier Journal" says its correspondent now visiting the plague stricken districts of Eastern Kentucky and Virginia, telegraphs that a horrible state of affairs exists in Wise and Lee counties, Virginia. A number of instances are cited in which whole families perished. The disease has caused more deaths in Letcher county, Ky., and Wise county, Virginia than in any other counties. In the latter county deaths have been so numerous that it has been difficult to provide for the burial of the victims.

Petersburg, Va., Dec. 7.—Information has been received here through J. G. Hilton, a merchant of Wise county, Va., that the plague which has caused such mortality in that section of the state is now on the decrease. He says that between 200 and 300 persons, varying in age from three to eighty have died of the disease. The plague is attributed to the drought and its effect upon the drinking water.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS — THE BEST TONIC.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

Trade Mark. QUALITY PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation,—*other Iron medicines do.*

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ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Jacob McCool, of Gregg township, Centre county, Pa., on the 3d day of November, A. D., 1884, made an assignment for the benefit of creditors to the undersigned, which said assignment has been duly recorded. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said Jacob McCool will please arrange the same promptly, and those having claims will please present the same duly authenticated for settlement. JNO. GROVE,
Nov. 17, 84. 3t Assignee.

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